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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 47

EDITORIALS:

Rubber and Mr. Hoover 50
Peace by Persuasion 51
Youth and the Church 51
Roosevelt vs. Wilson: Fourth Round 52

THE UNIVERSE, INC. By Hendrik van Loon 53

WAGES FOR WIVES—A NEGATIVE REPORT. By Arthur Garfield Hays 54

KAWASAKI WALKS OUT. By Lewis S. Gannett 56

THE NEW WORLD COURT—III. AS DERAILMENT OF AMERICANISM. By William Hard 58

A REPLY TO MR. HARD. By Walter Lippmann 60

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 61

CORRESPONDENCE 62

BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYS:

Pueblo Legend. By Lilian White Spencer 64
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 64
A Tower and a Light. By Oswald Garrison Villard 64
Increase and Multiply. By H. M. Parshley 65
Spiced Pastry. By Babette Deutsch 65
The Novel of Manners. By Alice Beal Parsons 66
Bits About Napoleon. By Albert Guérard 66
Books in Brief 67
Interesting Books of 1925. Chosen by Carl Van Doren 67
Music: Jazz Leaves Home. By Marian Tyler 68
Drama: A New Carmen. By Joseph Wood Krutch 68

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:

Japan's New Labor Party. By Lewis S. Gannett 70

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THE OFFENSE OF LESE MAJESTE in the American republic is being rapidly developed by our courts and its penalties are being more and more clearly defined. Thus, in San Francisco on January 7, William E. Wolfe was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in a federal prison for sending printed matter *"indirectly threatening* the President." It is, therefore, not only a crime to threaten the President directly, but if a judge thinks that the prisoner had such an intention a man may be sent to jail. This makes the *lèse majesté* laws of Kaiser William seem the work of a piker. In Manila the dignity of our satrap, Leonard Wood, has been upheld by the sentencing to prison for two months of a member of the Manila City Council on the charge of having used "insolent language" toward the Governor General in speeches in the political campaign last June. Speaking in the Tagalog dialect this man described General Wood as "a big tree without a shadow," a despoiler of Filipino liberties, an oppressor, and an autocrat. Representative Jones of Texas is old-fashioned enough to think that this is an outrage and to point out that in 1920 much stronger language than that was used about the worthy General in such American newspapers as had taken his true measure. Finally, it is now a crime to criticize the American Legion. Thus, Arthur F. Lorenz, editor of the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*, has been sentenced to six months in jail for criminal libel of the Legion in general, no individuals being mentioned.

ATTORNEY GENERAL SARGENT did not distinguish himself on the witness stand in the aluminum-trust inquiry. At the beginning he testified that the first knowledge he had of the inquiry by his department was not "until I had been there five, six, or eight months." His attention was first called to it, he declared, by newspaper men. His assistant, Colonel W. J. Donovan, heard him give his testimony without dissenting. The next day Mr. Sargent produced a memorandum he had written to Colonel Donovan one week after he had taken office, directing his assistant to report on the inquiry instituted by his predecessor and to make nothing public until Mr. Sargent had passed upon it. This letter, the Attorney General explained, had made so little impression upon his mind that he had forgotten it. So apparently had Colonel Donovan, and so had those whose duty it was to prepare for Mr. Sargent's appearance before the committee. Thus the Attorney General's first excuse that he had left everything to his subordinates went by the board. Finally, he added that he had never heard that Mr. Mellon and his brother were the chief owners of the aluminum trust until he read it in the papers the other day. Vermont still cultivates rural innocence!

UP TO THE TIME of going to press the committee inquiring into the aluminum trust had not reached the question why the Department of Justice gave out a statement whitewashing the trust on the midnight before the New York *World* was scheduled to begin its attack which led up to the inquiry. It had been established, however, that the report of the special agent upon which the midnight statement was based, although giving the trust a clean bill of health, contained the flat statement that "the Aluminum Company of America enjoys a complete monopoly of manufacturing aluminum in America." It was also admitted by Colonel Donovan that, whereas the condemnatory decision of the Federal Trade Commission was based on documentary evidence, the agent of the Department of Justice was naive enough to base his findings upon personal talks with trust officials and others who were fully aware that the question might lead up to government prosecution. As for the refusal of the Federal Trade Commission to give the facts that it had obtained to the Department of Justice, the Attorney General himself could give no clear reason for this action except that he supposed it was to keep a confidence. Colonel Donovan devoted his main efforts on the stand to weakening the letter written by former Attorney General Stone declaring that the aluminum trust was a law-breaker. Finally, while these things were being brought out, the persistent Senator Couzens produced the fact that since Mr. Mellon had been Secretary of the Treasury that department of the government had permitted the aluminum trust to save $2,150,000 in income taxes through an amortization entry of $15,000,000 which Senator Couzens's expert declares to have been excessive and improper.

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS in Washington are behaving as if determined to make plainer than ever their incapacity for leadership and the folly of expecting any constructive statesmanship from their bankrupt party. The

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Republicans produced a tax bill favoring a handful of rich men. What do the Democrats do? Instead of producing a scientific reduction bill aiding the small taxpayer, they seek merely to outdo the Republicans in the total amount to be saved. That's what they call putting the Republicans in a hole. Their sole aim is to be able to go to the country and say plaintively: "Yes, the Republicans cut the taxes some, but see what we would have done for you had we been in the majority." As for the tariff opportunity, the Democratic leaders are bungling that as usual. In the first place a lot of them are at heart protectionists, and in the second place they seem to be united in not really desiring tariff legislation at this session or the succeeding session of Congress. They are merely raising the issue now as a sort of trial balloon for the congressional elections next fall. If it takes the air well then, it is to be the major issue in 1928. And this is called leadership, devotion to principle, and the determination to succor the tariff-plundered citizen of the United States at any cost! No wonder the party disintegrates daily and that a little awakening to its duties, like the action of Indiana Democrats in resolving against the dying K. K. K., is recorded as first-page proof that the Democracy is finding itself again.

IN WELCOMING HENRY BERENGER to America we prefer to think of him as the Ambassador of a great and friendly republic rather than as the journalist-politician who took the Czar's secret corruption funds to the French press. But the American people are entitled to the facts, and it is fair to remind them that when Boris Souvarine went through the files of the Russian Ministry of Finance, and found documents showing that from 1904 to the fall of Kerensky, Russia had been systematically bribing French journals and journalists, the name of Bérenger appeared on the Czar's pay roll. Details of this scandal were summarized in *The Nation* of February 6, 1924, by Lewis S. Gannett in an article entitled The Secret Corruption of the French Press. Nor is it pleasant to recall that Bérenger was Poincaré's man Friday in negotiating the post-war political loans to the Little Entente. Having thus assisted France in spending money which she could not afford, he now comes to America on the express mission of asking a generous settlement of the French war debt. And it is more than probable that he will succeed. After Caillaux went home defeated last year, we predicted that our Debt Funding Commission would eventually accept an offer no better than his. We renew that prediction now, and we think Ambassador Bérenger may not improbably be the man to fulfil it.

WE HAVE BEEN ADVOCATING for the past five years, as our readers will recall, a generous settlement of our war debts, both from the standpoint of justice and of our commercial welfare. Most of the attacks in Congress upon the agreements already made by our Debt Funding Commission are based upon wrong reasons, especially a misunderstanding of the finances of our European debtors in regard to which even our bankers are at times misled. We ourselves have criticized the debt agreements, but not because they were too generous. The trouble is, first, that the agreements are deceptions and, second, that the deception has become a condition for subsequent private loans to the debtor countries. Both the Belgian and Italian agreements call for trivial payments during the first few years, but impose severe burdens later. The early payments are stressed in the debtor countries in order to placate the people there; the later payments are emphasized in America in order to make our people believe they are getting their money back. Both peoples are deceived. The agreements will never be carried out. A few years hence easier terms will be demanded by our debtors. If their governments are sufficiently conservative to suit Wall Street, they will probably get them. Otherwise we shall set up a cry of repudiation and treat them as we have treated Russia.

MEANWHILE OUR BANKERS are getting deeper and deeper into the European situation and our government is preparing to wield the lash in their behalf. As soon as a debtor nation signs on the dotted line—no matter how deceptive the agreement—an open season is proclaimed in Wall Street to finance its government and its business. And these new transactions are not "war loans." The excuses that have been made for not paying the latter will not hold in regard to these new debts—the bankers will see to that. Nor will there be such low interest rates as the government has accepted. We do not say that these loans should not be made; those calculated to further productive industry or supply vital government needs certainly should be. But there should be no deceptions. As matters stand, we doubt if the Italian workers realize the new burden laid on their shoulders by the recent Wall Street loan, and we question if the market price of that security reflects the hazard to the American investor in underwriting a power-crazed empire-seeker like Mussolini. As for France, we are sorry that Ambassador Bérenger seeks a debt agreement. Having refused the Caillaux offer, we do not deserve another at this time, and in her desperate financial straits France cannot afford to make one. We should like to see her display the courage and the independence publicly to proclaim this fact, and wish she might, unlike other debtor nations, get on without further loans from America.

WHAT IS MURDER? The dictionary is fairly clear on the subject, but in California, where everything if not bigger and better is at least different from what it is everywhere else, the matter is not so easily determined. Twelve years ago one Richard Ford was convicted of second-degree murder in a case arising out of a riot in a hop-picking camp in which two officers of the law and two hop-pickers were killed. There was no evidence that Ford even had a gun on that occasion, though all the victims died by shooting. Yet Ford and a man named Suhr, who was not even seen at the gathering at which the men were shot, were sentenced to life imprisonment. The twist in this particular trial lay in the fact that Ford had once been a member of the I. W. W., and that he had led a protest of the workers against the abominable conditions at the camp. The issue in California becomes, then, the identification of the charge of murder with that of objecting to working conditions. In England a group of men were sentenced to seven years on a prison ship because they had asked for an additional shilling a week wages. To be sure, that was nearly 100 years ago, but California has not had time to catch up yet. Now Ford has been paroled after serving twelve years of his sentence, and is to be tried once more, in the same section of the country, with presumably the same prejudices, for the killing of the second deputy at the protest meeting. The prosecuting attorney is the son of one of the officers who lost his life, the judge has long been known as hostile to the I. W. W., there is no new evidence;

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the question again will arise: What is murder? In twelve years has California learned to answer this query in a new way?

IS THE WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION trying to pick a quarrel with Mexico? There is every appearance of it in the sudden outburst from Washington by which an effort is made to stir public hostility against a friendly republic through newspaper propaganda rather than to adjust a possible grievance by diplomatic procedure. If proposed legislation in Mexico is contrary to treaties between that country and this, it ought to be possible to obtain a modification by friendly negotiations; if these fail such an issue would be admirably suited to arbitration. Certainly the threat to withdraw American recognition from Mexico is precipitate and unjustified. The noisy outburst inspired by the Department of State does not even make the point in dispute clear. There is a suggestion that Mexico's proposed petroleum and alien-property laws conflict not with treaties but with some sort of unwritten assurances which were the price of our recognition of the republic. We have no right to ask Mexico to live up to such "gentlemen's agreements," whatever they were, any longer than her people choose to do so. We may, of course, withdraw our recognition if convinced that we are the victims of injustice. But until the facts are known, and until diplomacy and arbitration have failed, it is preposterous that "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg should go bawling into the street with his nightmares.

CHRISTIANITY and the United Mine Workers of America are undergoing some weird adventures together in Oklahoma since the striking miners adopted the prayer meeting as the chief weapon of the picket line. First Governor Trapp sent troops to disperse the prayer meetings. Then, when the Criminal Court of Appeals held the picketing lawful, the operators went to the United States District Court for an injunction. Judge Robert L. Williams, basing his decision on Scripture, allowed the miners four pickets to each mine, following the verse in Matthew which says: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." But it remained for the manager of the Milby-Dow mines near McAlester to apply the finishing touches to this exhibition of industrial Christianity. A group of miners gathered in a Negro church during the Christmas season and prayed for a speedy victory. An armed mine guard, with one companion, attacked the door with a crowbar when the congregation had departed. After taking possession in the name of the coal company the lock was smashed and a padlock put on the church. The key was turned over to the mine manager, who thus became the St. Peter of his little domain. He holds the key to the pearly gates and the strikers won't bother God with their prayers if he can help it. When God gave the coal to the operators He neglected to reserve diplomatic immunity for his vicars or extraterritoriality for His embassy, which happens to be on company property.

GOVERNOR "AL" SMITH'S eagerly awaited annual report is, he says, written exactly as if by the chairman of a company to its stockholders. In its general lack of interest, with one exception, it is completely on a par with the average company report. That exception is important and has already produced outcries from both friends and enemies that the Governor is becoming "too radical." In brief, his proposal is that the New York Legislature shall create limited-dividend corporations for the purpose of constructing on a large scale modern apartments for workers by use of the power to condemn land. We shall go into the proposal more at length in a subsequent issue; today we would point out, for the sake of those timid souls who see a Bolshevik behind every bush, that the Governor has advanced far more socialistic proposals in previous public utterances. It is not so long ago, in fact, that he advocated nine straight-out socialistic proposals in one message, of which one was the complete control of the milk supply by the State and another the beginning of the socialization of the medical and nursing professions. The Governor was not abused for those suggestions, although he has never since followed them up. We have a strong feeling that something worth while will come out of his latest proposal. Certainly, the housing situation for workers in New York is so serious as to call for drastic relief.

THROUGH THE GENEROSITY of William L. Clements of Bay City, Michigan, the American papers of General Sir Henry Clinton are to come to the United States. That is a cause for jubilation. As our readers will recall (*The Nation*, July 1, 1925), these papers were to have been offered for disposal at public auction. That would have been deplorable, for much of this material, including a manuscript defense of Sir Henry's operations in this country from his own pen, is unpublished, and is of extraordinary value to the historian, including as it does intercepted letters and dispatches of George Washington and other American generals. No such treasure trove of American history has to our recollection changed hands in the last thirty years. That it comes to the United States is due to the continuing interest in American history of Mr. Clements, who is the founder of the Clements Library of American History at the University of Michigan and donor of the building in which these priceless Clinton papers will find a permanent resting-place and be available for the student and the historian under the best possible auspices.

RECENTLY WE RECORDED the report that William Fox had arranged to finance several New York theatrical producers, and we commented upon the obvious tendency of such an arrangement to make the stage a mere feeder to the movies. We are glad to be able to add that the American Dramatists' Association took the matter under immediate consideration and that seventy-five playwrights, including the most successful and distinguished American writers for the stage, have signed an agreement to deal with no manager who claims the right to dispose of the moving-picture rights to their plays. The immediate purpose of the agreement is to protect the financial rather than the artistic rights of the author by preserving competition, but the incidental effect will be to make it much more difficult for any moving-picture company to exercise direct control over dramatic production. At the present moment the general policy of the moving-picture industry is to appeal steadily to the lowest common denominator of the largest popular audience, and we can think of no greater calamity which could befall the stage than that it should be brought into accord with this policy. The American theater has achieved a measure of freedom and there are a number of managers who are at least willing to make their appeal to a fairly select audience. They must not be swallowed by the gigantic and purely commercial organizations which are responsible for the films.

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Rubber and Mr. Hoover

MR. HOOVER has just told the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that the United States was becoming weary of paying the extortions of foreign monopolies on rubber, coffee, nitrates, potash, jute, sisal, antimony, tungsten, nickel, asbestos, and tea. We import, he said, speaking in Erie, $800,000,000 of these products in a year, and a large percentage of the total represents not cost of production and distribution plus a reasonable profit, but a monopoly tax. Of them all, the "Stevenson scheme," whereby the British Government elevates the price of rubber, hits us the hardest and is the most indefensible. Better no bread than no balloon tires! Mr. Hoover has hinted darkly at reprisals. What if *we* should combine to force up the price of raw cotton or wheat or oil; how would the British like that? Meanwhile, Mr. Hennessey of Boston files a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature whereby it is provided that in return for the rise in rubber prices opportunity shall be given the burghers of Beacon Hill to boycott British insurance companies.

Now, the Stevenson scheme was born of dire necessity. When the rubber industry shifted from the culture of wild trees in Brazil to domesticated ones in the East Indies, all the problems of large-scale investment, of building the agricultural plant, of paying overhead on a crop which took six years to mature, came to the fore. You could not work when prices were high, and stop when they were low; you had to keep working all the time, and stabilization was imperative. The war demand increased the area of East Indian plantations drastically. With the world-wide depression of 1921 producers were faced with wholesale bankruptcy or concerted action. Not being willing to die for the sacred principle of free competition they called in the Government to act as concert-master. Perhaps Mr. Hoover would have died had he been there, hugging a copy of "American Individualism" to his heart. Perhaps he would not have. Anyway the British Government stepped in with this ingenious scheme of Lord Stevenson, whereby the 1919 output of each producer was made the standard, or 100 per cent. Up to 60 per cent of that output a low export duty of one penny a pound was demanded. Over 60 per cent the duties increased sharply, until at 100 per cent they reached one shilling a pound. The effect was a general restriction of production, but it operated horizontally on all producers, and not catastrophically by bankruptcy and abandonment. As demand increased—with a large automobile output in 1923 and after, particularly because of the balloon-tire development—more rubber was sold at the higher percentages. The duty was accordingly stiff, was shifted to the consumer, and prices began to soar. From 17 cents a pound in 1922 they are up to $1 and over today.

The facts recited above call for two lines of philosophical comment. The first falls under the general head of the pot calling the kettle black—in which Mr. Hoover is obviously the pot. The second is more fundamental, and concerns itself with balancing the load of demand and supply in the international exchange of vital industrial products. It is in truth difficult to locate Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Hennessey's basis for moral indignation. If anything was ever devised to promote monopolistic extortion it is the present Republican tariff levels. Furthermore, since 1919, by a special and sanctioned breach in the Sherman anti-trust law, American corporations have been permitted to combine for the purposes of export trade. "Consider," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "the War Finance Corporation, set up by the United States and capitalized at half a billion, whose sole function and duty is to enable American producers to soak the foreigner. It is called by a sweeter name of course, but, practically, that is what it has effected. . . . While it may be perfectly permissible to fight the devil with fire, it would be a whole lot more honest to admit that in this game the British have taken a leaf out of the American note-book, and are doing the thing that we did for many years and are doing still." This may be putting it a little strong, but in principle at least the *Sun* is right.

This is grand "copy" for the headline artists, but it gets the wayfaring man in the British Isles no less than in these States precisely nowhere. Here are roughly a billion and a half people on this planet requiring certain basic products to keep their metabolism functioning—as Mr. Dorsey would put it. That metabolism is best served by maximum production—grown, mined, fabricated, and distributed—with minimum human effort. Whenever and wherever production is restricted below consumption needs, and distribution is bent into loops and circles by tariff walls and trade barriers, cost goes up, and the wayfaring man suffers. World economy on any such basis of common sense and straight-line engineering is, of course, beyond the capacity of those practical citizens who have world economy more or less in charge. In the calculable future one might as well call for the moon. But as one small step in the direction of common sense, the Stevenson scheme has much to recommend it. With no plan at all, probably half the rubber plantations in the East Indies would have been abandoned in 1921. The jungle would have made short work of years of intelligent labor. As demand increased, the survivors would have made unthinkable profits, while the lumbering law of free competition was clearing out the jungle and doing the capital outlay work all over again. With six years needed to grow a producing tree, the price of rubber would probably have been higher than it is now. Waste would have taken its terrible toll. The trouble with the Stevenson scheme is not with its basic principle but with the detail of its percentage rates. It overreached itself; it made for excessive restriction of output—far below world-consumption requirements. With no more administrative labor, export duties might have been set with balloon tires properly in the picture; with all the thousand and one uses which advantageously could be made of rubber, if it were cheaper, provided for. There is literally no end to the possible uses of a cheap and plentiful rubber supply. Meanwhile, as Ford has abundantly shown, there is as much money to be made by large sales at a small margin of profit as by restricted sales at an outrageous margin. If the British Government and the rubber producers of Malaya would pattern after Detroit rather than follow Mr. Hoover and his friends, they might conceivably do something to break the vicious circle, introduce a vital, waste-destroying principle into the chaos of international trade, and not lose a penny by it.

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Peace by Persuasion

AFTER months of patient negotiation representatives of the organized railway employees and of the Association of Railway Executives have reached an agreement upon a program of legislation to supplant the labor provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, abolish the Railroad Labor Board, and provide instead a less pretentious but more practical medium for railroad peace. The agreed bill was introduced into the Senate on January 8 by Senator Watson, as an administration measure; since substantially the same measure was pressed during the last session by a Progressive-Democratic coalition, the present bill seems certain to be enacted into law.

The Railroad Labor Board was established over the vigorous protest of all the railroad-union officers. Their prophecies of ill were not long in being fulfilled. The notion that the "public interest" could be safeguarded by the presence on a board of three politicians, chosen for their ignorance of railroading and labor adjustment and hence "impartial," was soon proved to be as unworkable as David Robertson of the firemen and enginemen had predicted. The precipitation of the shopmen's strike can be directly attributed to the way in which Chairman Ben Hooper and his "public" associates sought to handle the situation growing out of the board's drastic wage cuts. Every tradition of the industry and of labor relations in America was violated in the course of three hectic days.

The new proposal—the Railroad Labor Bill—is based upon the principle that the interest of the public in continuous and efficient transportation service can best be served by placing upon the parties directly concerned a duty "to make and to maintain agreements concerning wages and working conditions," and that whenever at all possible the differences between men and management must be adjusted *within the industry* by men who know its traditions and its special problems. Disputes of all kinds must first be considered in conferences (which are made mandatory) between the parties directly concerned. Disputes over grievances or the interpretation or application of trade agreements not adjusted in conference must be referred to the appropriate adjustment board. Any carrier or group of carriers may establish such boards, by agreements with the employees involved; the boards are to be equi-partisan and constituted of expert railroaders from both sides. During the war control such boards failed to adjust only twelve cases out of thousands handled.

Disputes over *changes* sought in wages or working conditions do not go from unsuccessful conference to an adjustment board, whose chief functions are interpretative rather than creative. Such a dispute over a change (which cannot be made arbitrarily and without notice, thus eliminating a frequent source of employee resentment and occasional strikes) may be referred to a Board of Mediation of five commissioners named by the President; or such board may intervene of its own motion and seek, by mediation, to adjust the dispute. An interpretation dispute not adjusted by a board of adjustment is also within the jurisdiction of such mediators, whose function is not to "decide" but to persuade. This method, under the Newlands Act which preceded the Railroad Labor Board regime, made the railroad industry the freest of strikes of any great industry. If the mediators are unsuccessful in securing an agreement between the parties, it is then their duty to induce the parties to arbitrate their differences. Arbitration is voluntary, but the award of arbitrators is made legally binding. If none of these measures is successful, the President may establish an investigating commission to ascertain the facts for him.

There is not a little humor in the fact that except for one relatively unimportant change (permitting local rather than requiring national adjustment boards) this measure, blessed by the Administration and introduced by none other than "Jim" Watson, is the same proposal which, as the Howell-Barkley bill, was fought with crusading fervor by the Administration in the last session. It is the same proposal which the railroad supply companies and special propaganda bureaus denounced to chambers of commerce throughout the West as "an attempt to force the closed shop upon the railroads." One inspired railroad president denounced it as "a dastardly attempt to sovietize the railroads." The truth is that even now the railroads would be glad enough to let railroad labor legislation alone if the antagonism and tension of the men, after almost six years of the Labor Board, had not reached the danger-point.*

Youth and the Church

IT is inevitable that the declarations of the thousand students who met recently in Evanston, Illinois, to discuss the church should result in some ecclesiastical uneasiness.

The few church leaders who addressed the conference brought out rather an amazing array of historical data to support the conclusion that Christianity, throughout its history, has almost always found regeneration at the hands of a critical and iconoclastic younger generation. It was pointed out, for example, that Christ's ministry found its support largely among the young men of his day and its opposition in the elders of Judaism. The Protestant Reformation and the Wesleyan movement began as youth movements. The foreign missionary program of American Protestantism—which doubtless has been the most vital expression of Christianity during the last century—began with a group of college students.

The most insistent of the demands was that for organic church unity. The waste of denominational competition and the interest in the preservation of denominational institutions at the expense of more fundamental matters were emphasized in every discussion. The fallacy of a Christian internationalism and interracialism that cannot begin with unity of denominations, particularly on the so-called foreign mission field, was equally stressed. The task of achieving organic unity was one which the students were willing to begin in their own relationships. Despite the protest of certain representatives of denominational organizations, the conference adopted—almost unanimously—a proposal asking for the unifying of all the young people's organizations of Protestantism.

A second project that was repeatedly stressed related to the program of "foreign missions." A report made by a commission of twenty-five students who had studied the missionary situation preparatory to the conference was adopted and calls for the placing of missions on a "mutuality" basis. This requires that churches on the mission

* There are two important strikes: of the telegraphers on the Atlantic Coast Line and of the engineers on the Western Maryland.

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fields shall be made autonomous; and that an exchange of Christian workers be inaugurated so that the entire program will cease to be a project of exporting American Christianity abroad and become an enterprise of Christian fellowship—with American Christians sharing their experiences abroad and Christians abroad coming to the United States on the same basis. It was proposed that this project be immediately undertaken by the students themselves through exchange scholarships.

It is altogether improbable that the drastic proposals of the Evanston conference will speedily be adopted by the Protestant churches. No such demand was made by the students. Every project was outlined in terms of what the students themselves, with or without older leadership, can undertake to do. The next six months will indicate, in some measure, whether they mean business, as it may indicate how far the ecclesiastical leaders of the Protestant churches are willing to modify their own schemes in the interest of winning the confidence of the thinking youth of the country.

Roosevelt vs. Wilson: Fourth Round

IN vain have we searched the sporting columns of our dailies for any contest or athletic struggle to compare with the race now on between the partisans of Theodore Roosevelt and those of Woodrow Wilson to give to the subject of their adoration the highest place in the American Pantheon. For skill, for enthusiasm, for devotion, for the refinements of the contest we know nothing to equal it. If our greatest sporting promoters were not so entirely concerned with brawn, they would certainly stage this contest of brains in the New Madison Square Garden in New York, with Hermann Hagedorn leading one team and Norman H. Davis the other—the winner to have 50 per cent of the gate receipts to swell his memorial fund.

Indeed we cannot exaggerate the national and international importance of the contest, for there has been nothing like it in history—this organizing, this raising of millions of dollars to perpetuate the fame of statesmen recently dead. Into the effort have gone all the arts of modern propaganda and a deliberate effort to surround the men with the aura of immortality by declaring that they were the immortals, by preserving at once all possible memorials of them—as was never done in the case of Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln—by organizing perpetual celebrations, and by the publication of an unending Rooseveltiana or Wilsoniana, if we may use two dreadful words. No one can tell how far-reaching the effects of this competition may be; the example is sure to be followed abroad. So we look to see the verdict of posterity forestalled in the case of Lloyd George by a skilled Lloyd George Memorial Association, or in the case of the Kaiser himself. We have no doubt that if this new American technique of creating national heroes were to be adopted in the case of the exile of Doorn, who though dead still liveth, he not only could be made to reappear in the flesh but could be assured of a position with posterity second only to Bismarck's.

But we have wandered far across seas from the struggle which will make easy the hobbling and gagging of any future historical critics. We were moved to this expression of our thrills because of the holding of five hundred Wilson dinners on December 28, the anniversary of the great man's birth. That was a sockdologer, for Roosevelt's birthday was marked by only a few meetings, at one of which only a retiring police commissioner was the star—he talking of Roosevelt the police commissioner. The Wilson dinners were overwhelming in their array of talent. There were Newton D. Baker and Norman H. Davis, and Norman H. Davis and Newton D. Baker, and a lot of other ex-office-holders, and they made the welkin ring with their paeans of praise to their dead chief. They certainly put one over on the Roosevelt crowd, and we don't see why they shouldn't have five thousand dinners next year with Newton D. Baker and Norman H. Davis starring again like John McCormack in the annual New Year's radio concert.

That successful bit of strategy has evened the scales a bit and quite offset the great Roosevelt stamp victory. You *haven't* heard of *that?* Well, you see, the Roosevelt crowd went down to Washington and took the five-cent stamp away from a fifty-cent hero called U. S. Grant, who, some old fogies pretend, saved the Union on some old-fashioned Virginia battlefields long ago. Now every time you put on a five-cent stamp you play the game of the Roosevelt Association. So the Wilson crowd got busy. Sad to report, the only stamp they could capture was the seventeen-cent one, which is now Woodrow Wilson's own. It helps a little bit if we explain that the seventeen-cent stamp was not created merely to give stamp collectors another one to collect. The seventeen-cent stamp fits into a new device of the Post Office—put it on a letter and the letter is insured and you get damages or your money back without a fuss if the letter gets lost. That's something—when you think it might have been a thirty-cent stamp with Woodrow Wilson on it!

In the literary field we notice the Wilsonians have scored again. The Roosevelt Association is publishing about one book a year. 1926 dawns with the prospect of the reminiscences of David Houston, of whom it is said that he knew Wilson better and talked with him more often than any other man in his Administration. But this is as nothing compared to the astonishing news that Colonel House himself is to describe, by aid of a press syndicate, the most intimate details of his trips overseas as the loyal, devoted, and unpaid commissioner of Woodrow Wilson, called into service, so Bainbridge Colby says, by the diplomatic delinquency of Walter H. Page. There are two body blows for you. Don't they make up for the nasty posthumous attack of Henry Cabot Lodge? Don't they offset the 1925 volume on Roosevelt? More than that, the news that the 1925 Wilson prize was to have been divided between Austen Chamberlain, Briand, Luther, and Stresemann—the heroes of Locarno—until the Germans declined, shows how near the Wilsonians were to a publicity stunt to thrill the world.

Beside that the proposed Roosevelt Memorial for Washington would have paled; now it shines forth—a thing of exquisite, artistic beauty, most charmingly adapted to its surroundings and calculated to dwarf the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. If the Wilsonians are to beat that they must raise more money than they now have and employ, if they can, still greater artists. We have confidence they will not neglect this field long, and if they enter it—well, for a sporting event this fourth round between the contestants will surpass the Kentucky Derby, the tennis championship, the Harvard-Yale game, and the World Series all rolled into one.

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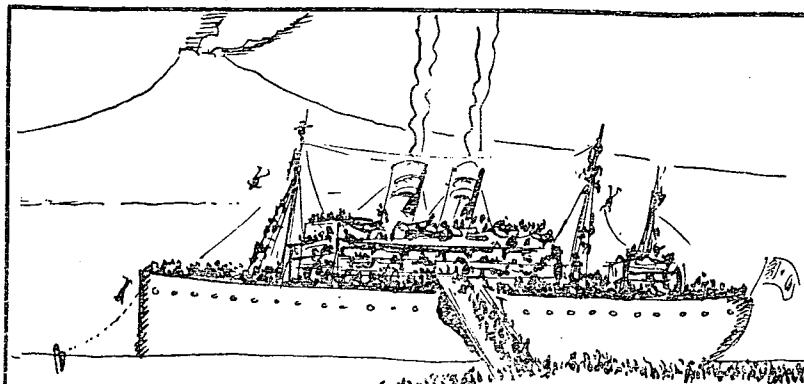
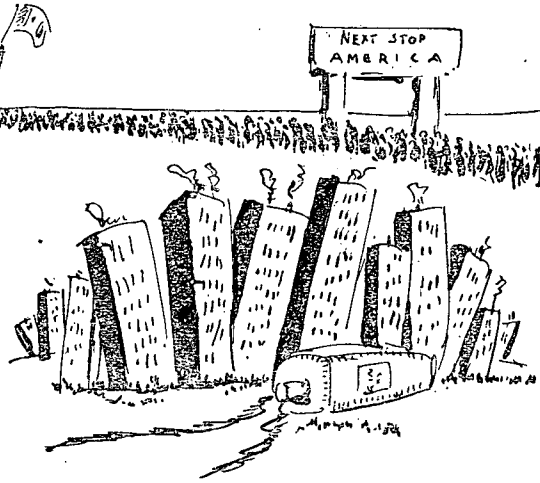
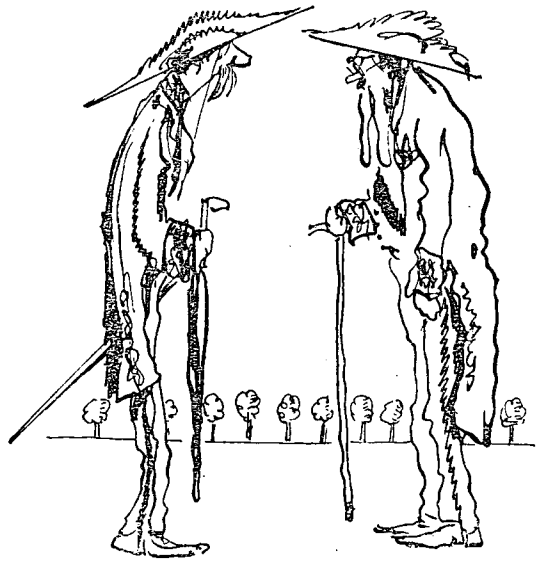


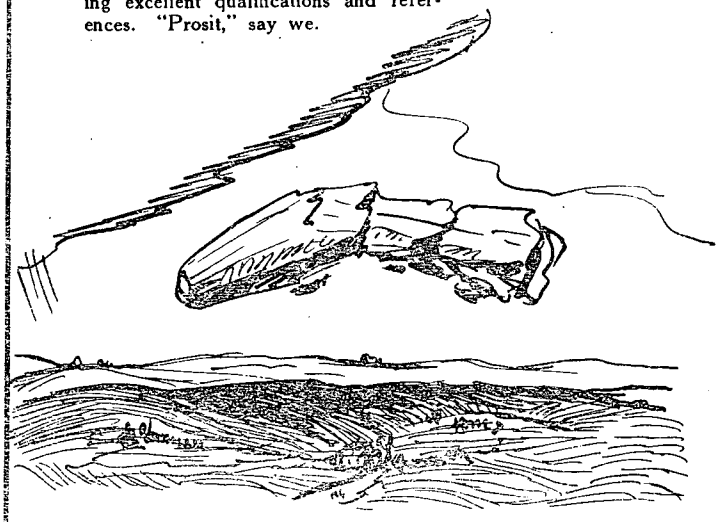
MUSSOLINI PROCLAIMS the second coming of the Roman Empire. Thousands of his enthusiastic countrymen decide to celebrate the event in a distant country.



ACCORDING to dry reports prohibition was a complete success in all our large cities on New Year's Eve.

A GERMAN BARBER applies for the vacant job of State Executioner, offering excellent qualifications and references. "Prosit," say we.





AN OFFICIAL BOARD OF INQUIRY has found that the destruction of the Shenandoah was due "to large, unbalanced, external aerodynamic forces." If we remember rightly our grandfathers used to call that "God."

NOW THAT "HAMLET" in modern clothes has proved to be a possibility, why not have Secretary Kellogg hire Horace Liveright and let him put on "Diplomacy" in the garments of the year of grace 1926 instead of the quaint neo-Elizabethan costumes now affected?

The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.

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Wages for Wives

I. A Negative Report

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

MANY feminists feel that in these days of economic independence for women the position of a married woman would be improved if she received a salary for services. The question, therefore, of wages for wives is an irritating, if not a burning, issue.

The attitude of the average man was indicated by an inspector of elections who asked a voter her occupation. She answered, "House-wife." He wrote in his book, "None."

Two friends of mine married and, in the idealistic, emotional state induced by a honeymoon, discussed the question of future economic arrangements. The wife stated frankly and decisively that she was not the kind of woman who would be a parasite; that she wished to receive from her husband's salary, not an allowance but what she earned; to that and only that she was entitled. His income was about $10,000 a year. He regarded the proposal as whimsical rather than logical, for the relationship was not that of employer and employee. They were about to found a home. His duty was to provide economically. Yet he was delighted.

"My dear," said he, "if we put this on an economic or a wage basis we must consider the various capacities in which we work for each other. As the matter at present stands you take the place of all the women in the world to me. I am, therefore, hiring you as sweetheart, housekeeper, mother, nurse, female entertainer, interior decorator, supervisor of cook and chambermaid, and in various other capacities. Of course you are not entitled to the salary that each of these would earn because you are doing them all. On the other hand, you are hiring me as a lover, insurance policy, economic provider, chauffeur, escort, social background, and, in general, to perform those things that a man may perform. Since we are employer and employee, how much do you want?"

"Well," said she, "my clothes cost me a certain amount. I must have spending money. There are doctors' bills, and besides these are the household expenses, including rent, food, and service. These, of course, you would pay."

"But," he said, "since we are talking wages, the only effect of your needs is as to the amount you can afford to work for. They do not interest me as an employer. Let us take the first item. As a sweetheart you are invaluable but, frankly, I do not know whether I should pay for this or not. You would disclaim payment for services of that kind and, anyhow, I compensate since I am your lover. I assume that these services balance each other."

"No," she answered, "men have always paid their mistresses. It always has been the accepted thing."

"But, of course," he said, "you will give me the privilege of leaving you any time I choose or of stopping this payment and hiring someone else if at any time you should not be satisfactory."

Her answer was that at present she was quite satisfactory, that if he were figuring her economic value he must take into account all the services, whatever they might be, that she might render to anybody. When it came to figuring out the amount, however, they found themselves in difficulty. He insisted that he would give every last cent he had to have her as his sweetheart if he could not get her otherwise. She insisted, on the other hand, that as an employee she would work for one man in a position that pleased her at a much lower figure than for another. Finally they compromised on an amount of $2,000 a year.

"But, of course," he said, "out of your wages you would pay half the rent, half the doctors' bills, half the food, and half the service since these things are done for you as well as for me." She assented to that, but in view of the deductions the figure was increased to $3,000.

"How much are you going to pay me as a housekeeper?"

"What does a housekeeper do?" he asked.

"She supervises the cook and maids."

"But I can't afford a housekeeper as well as cooks and maids. Anyhow, it's a job that can only take half an hour a day, so why not throw it in?"

"No," she said, "we are trying to figure out a salary."

"But why should I pay a salary for work I don't need?"

"All right," she said, "then you supervise them, and fire and hire them, which, after all, is the chief part of supervision."

Beaten to it he finally inquired what housekeepers earn. She thought $75 to $100 a month plus board. "But then," he said, "they board at the homes of strangers. If they board at their own homes they pay for this themselves. Also I assume you intend to have our children around. The ordinary housekeeper would not have this privilege. We should fix the figure without board, and you should pay out of your salary your share of the expense for rent and living." The figure was fixed at $1,000 a year.

"Now, how about compensation as a mother?"

"Don't you want to be a mother?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Then why should I pay for it?"

"Don't you want to be a father?" she asked.

"Of course I do."

"Why should I have all the bother, trouble, pain, nuisance, and care, and you have all the pleasure?"

"But how can we fix this unless we know the number of children. Besides, when one fixes earnings or wages one figures on market values. What would it cost a man to hire a woman to be the mother of his children? And since we are considering this from an economic point of view, children are an expense and not a profit. Your life would not be complete if you did not have children. It is the development and, perhaps, the chief function of a woman. But since I get some pleasure out of it and since, economically, I am not entitled to anything that I do not pay for, let's put this down at $500 a year."

"You haven't considered it fully," she answered. "You are merely figuring compensation for motherhood.

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In addition to that there is the bringing up of the children, acting as their nurse, attending to their clothes, and similar matters. I am talking about my total services."

"But probably you would want to hire a maid."

"But there are times," she said, "when the children will be sick. A hired nurse is at most an understudy. By the way, while we are talking of nursing, who is going to take care of you in off-periods? Suppose I should die and you had to hire a woman merely to supervise the education of the children and to take care of them when they were sick and to take care of you, you would be very fortunate if you could get any one for less than $25 a week, so that equitably there should be added at least another $1,000 a year."

"Well, have we covered it yet?" said he.

"No," she said, "there are still other capacities in which I serve you. I must act as companion and entertainer for you and your friends, sew on your buttons, do your shopping, and perform other miscellaneous services."

"Well," said he, "let's put that down at $500 a year. Now you have $6,000, or $500 a month. You are worth it. From this you pay half the expenses for rent, food, entertainment, automobile, servants, children's school, and clothes. Figure that at $300 a month. Then, of course, you pay for your clothes and presents and all life-insurance premiums since you are the beneficiary. That doesn't leave you much of a surplus. Besides, it leaves you nothing to pay me for my services to you."

"That is what I was coming to," she said. "Your half of the expense for rent, food, and the other expenses referred to above would be $300 a month. You would then have $100 left over for your own expenses. Instead of doing it that way, why not give me $500 a month to cover all home expenses? Out of the remaining $4,000 you pay your club dues, insurance, automobile, rent, doctors, and other incidental expenses."

"Agreed," said he. The "allowance" was fixed at $500 a month.

"After all," he said, "we are embarking on a joint undertaking—a sort of partnership."

"That gives me a thought," she said. "Why don't we jointly pay all bills and divide the surplus?"

"But I may need capital in my business."

"Well, let's leave it as it is. I'll save what I can out of the allowance."

Five years elapsed.

His salary had increased to $15,000. She was receiving $650 a month to take care of all home expenses. She always exceeded it somewhat and he made up the deficit. They had been reasonably companionable but she no longer met him at the door with a smile. There were two children. One could not exactly say that she was his sweetheart. She was herself, just a serious-minded, nervous, worried, and worrisome woman. He was a hard-working, tired business man. They took each other for granted. Either of them found emotional relief, outlet, or merriment in the company of others. She supervised the house, the servants, the care of the children, and did the shopping. His friends were welcome if they appealed to her; his customers never appealed.

"How about that theory of earnings?" he ventured one evening. "I've been thinking about it. The richer we are, the less work you do; the richer we are, the more you get. Ergo, the less the work, the more the pay."

"Money again," she replied. Any discussion about money matters resulted in an exchange of views as to all the differences that had existed between them from the time they were married.

He wondered whether his wife still thought she should receive merely what she earned. He remembered that the biggest item was paid to her as his sweetheart. He missed the cheerful humor and gay spirit which had been her greatest charm. He had no desire for other women, yet he lacked the buoyancy which comes from a live emotion.

Five years more elapsed.

His wife still received from him the same amount of money. Their lives had fallen into a groove. The house was where he lived; it was not a home. It was a place of gloom and irritated humor. He would have preferred to live somewhere else, at a hotel for instance, where people would wait upon him. At home he was merely the economic provider. Had he been a free man who was paying wages or compensation he would have handled the situation to suit himself. He reflected that there were no services for him which he wouldn't gladly relinquish were he an employer and free.

This situation lasted about a year. He left the house. He took a small hotel room. He paid $600 a month for provision for wife and children. He received nothing from her. He did not have the companionship of the children. She was supported by him because she had been or was his wife. He realized that he was spending several hours of each day working for her. Why should she be economically free while he slaved? He certainly was not paying for services rendered. He concluded that when there was no emotional interest left between husband and wife there was no further obligation on the part of a wife toward a husband, but society and honor imposed upon the husband a further obligation toward the wife. He willingly accepted the obligation, for after all they had loved each other and he was in a sense responsible for the course her life had taken.

Wages are compensation for services rendered. Irrespective of service, there are two theories on which a woman is entitled to support. When a woman marries she gives up the possible opportunity of marrying someone else at a time when she would best be able to do so. Just what this opportunity is worth no one can tell, although juries are left to fix some sort of compensation in breach of promise suits. What is a fair payment to a woman for voluntarily giving up a potential someone else in order to marry a particular man? The second basis on which a wife is entitled to support is that she has given up the opportunity of making her way in the world economically. Under present conditions the bearing and rearing of children and the taking care of a home ordinarily interfere with a paid job.

These considerations impose on the man the obligation to provide for his wife and this irrespective of whether their lives continue together or separately. A man undertakes this when he marries. The amount depends upon the circumstances of the parties and their needs.

If one does try to work it out from the economic point of view the question would be, What is the market value of a wife per year?—a calculation which has never been satisfactorily established.

[*An answer to Mr. Hays will be made in next week's issue of* The Nation *by Doris Stevens.*]

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Kawasaki Walks Out

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Tokio, December 2

KAWASAKI, fifteen years ago a country village, is today a sprawling mill town. Great skylight factories squat in the mud, sprouting giant smokestacks. They are twentieth-century Japan, copied servilely from Manchester and Lawrence; not a line in them suggests old Japan—not a broad eave, not a pine tree, not a window frame. But away from the mills spread little wooden houses surrounded by mud and reeking sewers but spotless-clean inside; and the open shops in the winding dirt streets offer fresh fish and green vegetables, eighteen-inch white radishes and red segments of squid, gay cotton kimonos and little wooden shoes, great porcelain fire-pots and straw floor-mats—and these are as different from a Western mill town as the rickshaws of Tokio from their competitors the taxicabs.

Opposite the railroad station a group of silent men stand beside a long cotton streamer which pleads for money to help the strikers. Another group, with red armbands advertising their purpose, is passing from store to store, soliciting—and getting—contributions to the relief fund. Outside the mill gates of the Fuji Spinning Company lolls an impressive cordon of policemen; and behind the mill, beyond a brown army tent in an open field, are red flags, a gesticulating speaker, and a crowd. The black-haired orator shaking his fists at the sun; the attentive, upward-gazing faces; the restless policemen uneasily guarding the fringes—these might belong to any nation in the industrialized world. The flags and their inscriptions are copied from the West; the speaker is preaching the Western sermon of class solidarity—but the color of the picture is brighter here. A delegation of fifty girls from a Tokio mill has brought a contribution to the strike fund—and their scarlet and purple kimonos, their white-socked feet shod with straw *geta*, their infinitely elaborated hair-dressing strike the note of old Japan.

The crowded little houses suggest a doll's village. In one low-ceiled room twelve or fifteen feet square a family cooks, eats, plays, sleeps. One side of the house is built of sliding door-windows, paned with glazed paper. There is no clutter—these people use no furniture and own no goods to make a mess. They sit cross-legged to eat, and sleep on the straw *tatami* that make their floors. A single electric light hangs from each ceiling; sometimes an American alarm clock is the only ornament; cooking is done over charcoal in a porcelain fire-pot or on a wood fire in the yard. Toilet facilities are of the simplest. The tiny yards, inclosed by shoulder-high wooden fences, are deep in mud, but not one lacks a garden corner—sometimes a diminutive pine or cedar; more often a bamboo tree; occasionally a three-foot-square patch of radish. And always an outdoor fire-pit. I delay my friends when we visit strike offices in these workers' homes, for my footgear is what the Japanese call "five-minute shoes," and we could never enter on muddy soles.

Two of these little houses have been converted into rice kitchens. There is no soup for the strikers, but there is rice and there is tobacco, all elaborately rationed and carefully distributed on a food-card system. One might expect Japanese workers, new to organization, to be slipshod in these matters, but I have seldom seen a more efficiently functioning system. Three small wood fires have been built in hollows scooped in the mud. Great iron kettles, set upon bricks, boil merrily. A line of strikers' wives, babies carried papoose-like on their backs, wait patiently for the allotment. Supplies are late today, for the Tokio delegation is being fed—great round balls of sticky rice which require neither fork nor chop-sticks in the eating.

Here in Kawasaki, as in a hundred industrial villages of Japan, the Middle Ages meet the twentieth century. Here the old Japanese family system, face to face with the smoking chimneys of industry, is melting away; the religion of loyalty is dying; industrial class-consciousness is being born. This is almost the first strike in Japan in which women have played a leading part, but except for the gay sympathizers from Tokio the women mill-workers are invisible. I met one—a "modern" Japanese woman, who left her place as a primary-school teacher to work in a factory, and was among the sixteen workers whose discharge (after they had sought to form a union) precipitated the Kawasaki strike. The other fifteen were men. And when I first became aware of the presence of this representative of revolutionary modern womanhood she was on her knees, bowing her head to the floor in deferential greeting to each of the men present before she dared speak. When she spoke it was clear that she had a preciser mind and could tell more about conditions in the factory than any of the men present.

Three thousand girls are locked in the factory dormitories. Japan's spinning mills retain a link with feudalism long since outgrown in most other industries. City workers ask higher pay; they have absorbed something of the exigency of the West; so the Fuji company and its fellows send recruiting agents to the country, where girls are still simple-minded and docile. There they find peasants eager to borrow money with which to rent land—and contract with them for their daughters' services.* The company lends the parents money—perhaps eighty yen (about thirty-five dollars)—and the girls are its by a contract which amounts to slavery. The company agrees to pay the girls at the rate (in the Kawasaki mill) of 45 sen a day (about twenty cents); but out of this the girls have to repay fifteen sen for board and lodging, a half-day's wages a month for a "mutual-aid fund," and a varying sum as repayment on the loan. It takes two or three years to work off a thirty-five dollar loan.

These girls—anywhere from twelve to twenty years old—live as prisoners in the company dormitories; they rise at 4.30 in the morning, begin work at the machines at six o'clock; pause fifteen minutes at nine, half an hour at noon, fifteen minutes more at three; and stop at six.

* A report by Yoshisaka Shunzo, Japanese Director of Factory Inspection, published by the International Labor Office at Geneva, says that 610,000 workers are housed in dormitories attached to factories in Japan, and that more than half of these are "recruited" on the contract system. The system prevails in the textile, dyeing, and weaving mills, but is becoming more and more difficult to maintain as conditions in the dormitories become known in the rural districts. Girls can now be recruited only from the remotest parts of Japan.

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The conditions may be judged by their demands in the Kawasaki strike. They asked (1) The privilege of going home when a parent or near-relative dies; (2) the privilege of seeing near-relatives who come to visit them; (3) that the money they save be not given to their parents without their consent; (4) meat or fish as part of their rations every other day; (5) permission to join the union; (6) reinstatement of the sixteen discharged workers. The Kawasaki strike was the first time that these little contract-girls from the country had joined in industrial revolt. Forty of them broke through the two hundred company guards one morning and joined the strikers outside the mill-gates. The others were driven back by sheer force. When the striking men paraded outside the factory walls the girls would try to climb up to the windows inside and would shout pitiful cries for help. Locked inside, they expressed their sympathy as effectively as they could; when the company introduced a radio concert to quiet them they refused to attend it.

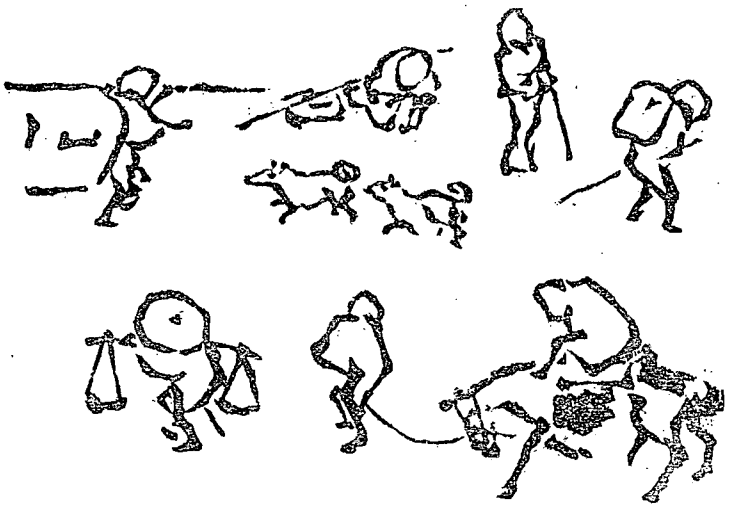
At first the company spoke in terms which might have been translated from a Massachusetts mill-owner. "The company will forego its profits," it said, "and will even incur losses rather than have its own management policy infringed upon. The company will deal with individual workers at any time, but not with the union, for the latter does not represent its employees. . . . The company does not consider that there is any strike, but that the workers are kept away from work against their desire by an outsider in the form of the union." The national federation of spinning mill-owners met and indorsed the position of the Fuji company. But public opinion was against it—and he deceives himself who thinks that there is no such thing as public opinion in Japan. The Japan Federation of Labor brought help from the start of the strike; the Tenant Farmers Association sent 120 bushels of rice; the miners sent twenty organizers to help; a Chiba factory sent a bicycle corps of workers with a gift of 1,500 yen; from all over Japan donations poured into strike headquarters. The local merchants helped. A delegation of liberal Tokio lawyers, believing the imprisonment of the girls illegal, went to Kawasaki to interview the mill management, but could not get past the outside guards. Tokio newspapers protested. The district officials suggested a compromise. The police were friendly, although they obeyed instructions and barred sympathetic parades from neighboring towns. In the two weeks of the strike fifty or sixty workers were arrested, but most of the police interference was in connection with violent disputes between the members of the moderate Federation of Labor and the local Communists, both of whom wanted to dominate the strike.

Finally the national Government persuaded the company to make a settlement which was almost a complete victory for the union. The company agreed to improve the food and to permit the contract workers to see their relatives and go home on occasion; not to dismiss any employees for participation in the strike, and to pay the strikers one-third wages for the period they were idle; and while it refused to reinstate the sixteen organizers it agreed to distribute some 4,000 yen among them as "dismissal allowance and comfort money."

The paternalism of that settlement is, I think, as typical of industrial Japan today as the barbarism of the contract system. The twentieth century and the Middle Ages meet on every hand—in architecture, in clothing, in the souls of the people.

You can never tell what to expect from the Japanese Government. You can, I think, guess what to expect from the workers. Like the engineers, they are copying the West. Three words constantly recurring at Kawasaki I needed no interpreter to translate: "strike," "union," "sabotage." They have been adopted into the language and practice of the Japanese worker. During the last week of the Kawasaki walk-out a sympathetic strike broke out at a mill owned by the same company at Hodogaya, which turned into a significant movement on its own account. It was another women's strike, in which the women adopted the syndicalist technique of going to their machines, but sitting idle while the empty spindles whirred and buzzed. One of the Kawasaki workers who knew a little English called my attention to a group of cheerful strikers sitting in the sun singing. "Same song American I. W. W.," he said; and, sure enough, the tune was Tannenbaum, and the song, translated, the familiar Red Flag song of the British workers. The Kawasaki boy was a little mistaken in his choral geography, but his idea was right.

When the Middle Ages meet the twentieth century, the twentieth century wins.



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The New World Court

By WILLIAM HARD

III. As Derailment of Americanism

IN this article I shall contend that our proposed entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice would derail the United States from its true proper special international mission in two ways. First, it would derail it into the European system of "sanctions"—of peace by force. Second, it would derail it from all possibility of ever establishing in its own regions of special authority and of special responsibility an international system on the basis clearly outlined by our forefathers—a system of peace by consent.

I begin by noting how continuously, how persistently, and (in the end) how vainly, a certain abiding element among us strives to thrust the United States into a dance under Europe's dazzling mirror! How odd, how perverse, how disgraceful, it seems now that in the era immediately succeeding the Napoleonic wars we had certain numerous American specialists in peace propaganda who sent congratulations to that throttler of European continental liberty, Alexander the First of Russia, organizer of that scheme of political diabolism, the Holy Alliance! Alexander was going to extinguish representative government on the European continent, by force; and then he was going to reduce armaments and have peace. So they overlooked his means and gazed at his asserted end and congratulated him. Throughout our history these Americans among us have always stood ready to applaud peace achieved by any methods whatsoever in Europe; and throughout our history they have not produced one important effort for achieving peace on an American basis in the Americas.

They call themselves cosmopolitans, internationalists; they really are unreclaimed provincials, colonials, unable to lift their eyes from their European metropolis.

Against them, in generation after generation, the voice of attempted arrived Americanism has been raised. Henry Clay raised it in Congress in 1820 when he exclaimed: "We look too much abroad. Let us break these fetters. Let us no longer watch the nods of European politicians. Let us become real and true Americans and place ourselves at the head of an American system."

These Americanizing efforts have been as vain among us as the efforts toward Europeanization. What we have witnessed, from our foundation till now, has been a deadlock between these two opposing forces. We do not go to Europe; and we do not accomplish our duty in the Americas and in the Orient.

Again we are in the midst of a surge toward Europe. We are told that we must join the new Permanent Court of International Justice in order to help mankind. What is meant, in fact, is European mankind.

The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. Thirteen of them have come from the continent of Europe. Two of them have come from Mediterranean possessions of European countries. The remaining one has come out of a dispute between the power which holds London and the power which holds Constantinople.

The work of this new Court, exactly like all the actual important political work of the whole of the League of Nations, is European. We deal here with institutions which call themselves world-wide and which indeed bear a certain illusory world-wide guise, but which in fact and in essence devote themselves merely and only in high politics to the settlement of European questions and to the inveigling of the rest of the world into the upbuilding of a new and universally dominant European community.

I congratulate them. They are doing more for themselves than we for ourselves are doing. They are doing more for their sort of peace than we are doing for our sort of peace. I felicitate them. We Americans are stunned by Locarno. Why? Before this big European Locarno there were little European Locarnos.

In 1922 Czecho-Slovakia and Austria agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—either by "amicable arrangement" or by judicial settlement. In 1923 Poland and Esthonia and Latvia and Finland agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—by "exclusively pacific methods," involving (if necessary) judicial settlement. Again in 1923 Austria and Hungary agreed that they would settle all disputes between them—all—either by diplomacy or by an arbitral body.

These little Locarnos came before the big Locarno and were part of the same stream of European tendency. Note that they all are "regional." Note that they all are groupings by peoples around a certain spot toward peace on that spot. Note that, as the spots accumulate, they begin to constitute a new integrated Europe. Note that thus Europe, without any official help whatsoever from us, is on its way toward a new mighty youth.

Strange, is it not, that the Continent which is the fountain of our civilization should be able to draw its refreshment from its own ancient resources without indebtedness to the American frontier cascade which flowed from it? Yes. Strange indeed it must have seemed to the college boys who next month were assembled out of so many American colleges to meet together and to demand our entrance into the new Permanent Court of International Justice on the ground that they must help the world and that Europe needs their brains!

Yet a disheartening thought, to which I have already alluded, immediately occurs. With all these splendid graduate and undergraduate brains of ours, which Europe is said so much to need, where are our American Locarnos?

Have we a Locarno with Mexico? Of course not. Have we a Locarno with Haiti or Santo Domingo or Nicaragua? Certainly not. In our passion for peace, have we forbidden war with any of the countries which so often hear the tread of our marines? Perish the thought! Do our American specialists in peace plans and in prizes for peace plans concentrate upon an American peace with our American victims? No! Absolutely and eternally no! If they did,

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they would cease to be the chief and most valuable screens and allies of our contemporary American imperialists. No, they give to contemporary American imperialism a passing glance and then they leave it in the shadow and concentrate upon bringing peace to Europeans who have signed treaties much more far-reaching toward peace (of their sort) than any treaties are that are even suggested for us to sign in our own areas of dominance and duty.

What do such people represent? They represent a well-known form of what our modern mental philosophers call something like "substitution." They represent what our medieval theological philosophers equally aptly called an attempt to escape from the consciousness of sin. Having failed to perform their duty where they are, they fly to perform it where they are not.

We are in the Orient. Even before we took the Philippines we were in the Orient. We were there with special duties, special rights. On February 28, 1844, under special orders from Secretary of State Daniel Webster, there arrived at Macao, off the southern coast of China, with two frigates and a sloop of war, Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts. He demanded, he secured, audience with the aloof and contemptuous dignitaries of China. He demanded, he secured, a treaty with China. With that treaty we began to be one of the concert of Powers in China and in the whole Far East. We cooperated with that concert in opening the Japanese Strait of Shimonoseki, by naval force, in 1863. We have cooperated with that concert continuously in matters of extraterritoriality and in matters of tariff in China. Through ancient wrongs in the Far East we have contemporary rights and responsibilities in the Far East. We have none in Europe. We are not a European Power. We were, we are, an Oriental Power.

Where then is our Oriental Locarno? There is a Four-Power Treaty between us and Britain and France and Japan. Under this treaty we agree to respect one another's possessions in the Pacific. We do not agree to respect one another. We must not attack Japan's loot, Formosa. We are free to attack Japan. Japan is free to attack us. Where is our Locarno outlawing war between us and Britain and France and Japan in the Oriental region? It is nowhere. It does not exist.

We are American enough not to go to Europe; and yet we are so provincial and so colonial that we do not seem to be able to bring our minds to bear upon doing anything fundamentally effective for peace outside Europe. That is our situation.

Our proposed entrance into the new World Court is the cunningest device that we have ever faced for making us finally, after all, into the little brother of Europe and for making us finally, after all, forget and forfeit our possible leadership and headship of an American System. It is the cunningest because, as I pointed out last week, it takes us into "sanctions" without our knowing that we are going into "sanctions." And when we once have gone into "sanctions," when we once have gone into a recognized organized system for the joint international coercion of sovereign states, we shall have ceased to be, in the sense of the American Constitutional Convention of 1787, Americans.

We have used force waywardly and even inexcusably many times in the course of our national history. We have more than once followed international coercion as a devil. We never yet have enshrined it as a god. It is the difference between falls into sin and the elevation of iniquity into righteousness.

The members of the American Constitutional Convention of 1787 considered fully the problem of "sanctions." The word was as familiar to them as it is to us. They were acquainted with all the phrases, all the ideas, of all political time. Lord Chatham said that our Continental Congress of 1775 had never been surpassed in the records of legislative bodies for "solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, wisdom of conclusion." Our Constitutional Convention was superior even to that Congress. It explored "sanctions" through and through. James Madison, in his diary of the convention, early reports that "the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted its practicability when applied to a people collectively." He then subsequently reports that "the practicability of making coercive sanctions against sovereign states has been exploded on all hands." The idea of "sanctions" was thereupon totally abandoned by the convention.

Naturally, no work by legislators can prevent two sections of a country from springing to arms against each other if they are determined to spring. That is not the point. The point is that not even against the States of this Union were our constitutional forefathers willing to give even to our own Supreme Court the right to enforce its mandates by "sanctions." That court has issued many decisions against States in this Union. There have been evasions, there have been delays, in the obeying of certain of those decisions. Never has there been any effort to compel obedience to those decisions by force.

What our forefathers rejected between our own States they would infinitely more emphatically have rejected as a means of peace between countries actually foreign and alien to one another. Our forefathers believed that a system of "sanctions," instead of being conducive to peace, would be cumulatively productive of eternal warfare.

But the Permanent Court of International Justice is the adviser of the League of Nations, and the League of Nations is the enforcer of the Court's decisions and of its own decisions by force of starvation, by force of blood, by "sanctions," by might of an attempted universal Tower of Babel concealing but aiding and abetting the rise of a new and greater force-ridden, force-bearing Europe.

So, in sum, I say that we Americans again have our choice.

If the Americas bore us; if the Orient bores us; if home fills us with tedium; if we detest laboring to protect the Nicaraguans against ourselves; if we yawn at the task of freeing China from its exploiters (including ourselves); if we feel that our true happiness must lie in protecting Austrians against Hungarians, or Hungarians against Austrians, who have already by treaty protected themselves; if we pine to play about in an area all sown with "sanctions"; if we want to watch them bursting in air and making life lively; if we want to absorb ourselves into a system philosophically irreconcilably hostile to our own original traditional system; if we want at last definitively to abandon our system and to be reannexed definitively to a scheme of things which has filled Europe with glory and Asia and Africa with tears—why, then, let us join this new Court!

If, on the other hand, we abide in the American distrust of "sanctions"; if we reproach ourselves for not hav-

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ing tried to build up in the Americas and in the Orient an American peace by consent without "sanctions"; if we wish to remain free to build up that sort of peace on that sort of foundation; if we do not wish to add to a long neglect of our duty a final sale of our birthright; if we are not willing to exchange the possibility of an American System for the certainty of the perpetual dominance of the European System; if we are not willing to become even the acclaimed and flattered savior of that European System; if we can still hear John Quincy Adams saying that our mingling into the European System would "change the fundamental maxims of the policy of America from liberty to force" and would bring it about that "the frontlet on her brow would no longer beam with the splendor of freedom, but in its stead there would be substituted an imperial diadem, flashing in false luster, the murky radiance of dominion and power"; and if we can still hear him saying that thus in a Europe of force "America might become the dictatress of the world, but would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit"—why, kill our entrance into this new Court!

A Reply to Mr. Hard

By WALTER LIPPMANN

UNTIL I read Mr. Hard's articles I did not know that he was prepared not only to oppose and denounce those who, like myself, favor America's joining the World Court but to explain our aberrations as well. He says we are attempting to escape from the consciousness of sin. He thinks we have sinned in the Americas against nations like the Mexicans and the Haitians, and that we are turning to Europe in an effort to forget our sins. He thinks that we want to protect "Austrians against Hungarians or Hungarians against Austrians" because we do not want to think about protecting Haitians against Americans.

Mr. Hard may know better than I know it myself why I favor the World Court; so in the face of his beautiful certainty I must not speak dogmatically. I think I am for the World Court because I think I think it may help to maintain peace somewhat. I may be mistaken both as to what the World Court will do and as to why I think what I think about it. But if I am going to have a diagnosis made upon me, I would like somebody to do it who is not suffering, as Mr. Hard is suffering, from extreme absent-mindedness.

Mr. Hard has just written three articles arguing that Europe can take care of itself without our assistance, and that we ought to confine our activities to the Americas and to the Orient. For these are "our own areas of dominance and duty," whereas Europe and the affairs of Europe are no practical concern of ours. When I read this I wondered whether Mr. Hard had ever heard of the war which we entered in 1917. It is almost certain that Mr. Hard knew about that war at the time, but somehow he failed to mention it in any of his three articles devoted to outlining the foreign policy and describing the destiny of these United States.

I cannot regard as serious a theory of foreign policy which fails to take account of such an enormous fact as the participation of two million Americans in a war on European soil. For while it is excellent to talk about our dominance and duty and our sins in the Americas, neither our dominance nor our duty nor our sins in the Caribbean ever drew us into such a frightful mess as did somebody else's sins in the Balkans. Mr. Hard speaks with feeling about "our nineteen dead marines at Vera Cruz"; he says nothing about our fifty thousand dead soldiers in France. So, if in advocating the World Court I am trying to forget Vera Cruz, what, I should like to know, is Mr. Hard trying to forget when he forgets the Argonne?

A theory of American foreign policy formulated in the year 1925 which does not consider the *fact* that rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, we were drawn into the European war is not a very deeply considered theory. The area of our "dominance and duty" may be in the Americas and the Orient, but it was a war originating in Europe which really made a difference in our lives. I do not mean to underrate the importance of reforming our policy toward Latin America, but in their effect on American life, on American interests, on the whole course of our civilization, how is it possible to compare the effects of our interventions in Latin America with the effects of our intervention in Europe? However, Mr. Hard does not compare them. He just omits all reference to our intervention in Europe.

A theory of American foreign policy which is as one-sided as that is will not help a man to consider the World Court fairly. Mr. Hard, I say flatly, does not write fairly about the Court. I charge him with prejudice. For example: "The new Court has handled sixteen subjects. On only four of them has it made decisions of its own. On all the rest of them it has been the mere attorney of the League." That implies that the Court is to the League what a lawyer is to his client. That is wholly untrue. The judges of the Court are entirely independent of the League. They cannot be removed by the League. Their Court cannot be abolished by the League. The statute under which they operate cannot be changed by the League. They are nominated not by the League but by the national groups in the old Hague Court. After the nominations are made, the Powers of the League plus certain others elect them. If we sign the protocol we shall take part in the election without any obligation under the Covenant of the League. The pay of the judges was fixed by the Assembly, but it cannot be decreased during the period of their appointment. A judge serves for nine years. He cannot be removed except by the unanimous opinion of all the judges and deputy-judges.

I submit that these men are not in a relation to the League like that of an attorney to his client. I submit further that a fair examination of the whole question of advisory opinions will convince anyone that Mr. Hard misunderstands the word "advisory." It is true the word sounds as if the League could go to the Court and say: "Tell us how to do this or that. Tell us how to give an appearance of legality to our policy." But that is not what the advisory opinions actually are. They are opinions delivered publicly after a public hearing on a point of law and they differ from the ordinary opinion of a court only in that the proceedings are not started by the parties at interest. The League may ask the Court for an opinion

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as to its powers under the Covenant or the League may ask the Court to decide a legal question which arises in the course of a dispute that is before the League. In any case the Court is probably free to refuse to give an opinion; it is certainly free to give the opinion the judges think right; and there is no power in the League as such which can coerce the opinion. The judges, of course, may be subject to the pressure of influences, but that weakness would exist in any court anywhere, and has nothing whatever to do with the League or with advisory opinions.

I am not sure I think the advisory opinion is a good thing. Yet the State of Massachusetts has used the device for a long time. But whether it is good or bad I am sure of one thing: No man trying to state the matter fairly would say that when the Supreme Court of Massachusetts renders an advisory opinion it is the mere attorney of the party in power. Yet that is what Mr. Hard would like his readers to think about the World Court.

He would also like them to think that by signing the protocol we shall become bound to back up the decisions of the Court by force of arms. No such obligation exists in law, but he thinks we should be in honor bound. I think this is a romantic view of the matter.

If we went to war against what is called a covenant-breaking state, it would not be because we belonged to the World Court but because we belonged to the world. We should be drawn in, no matter whether we had commitments or not, just as we were drawn in when we had no commitments in 1917, because in an era when commerce is world-wide neutrality is impossible in a great war. For modern war involves the blockade, and you have either got to assist the blockade or break it. You cannot be neutral in the face of a blockade. The United States especially cannot be neutral, for it is so great a source of munitions of war that the whole success of the blockade would depend upon the policy of the United States. If we allowed the blockade to be established we should strike a fatal blow against the blockaded Power; and if we ran the blockade we should ruin the blockading Power.

For that reason we shall always be involved in any war that is not merely a local war. Our entrance into the Court or even the League will not add to, or take away from, our entanglement in the affairs of the world. To my mind, therefore, the risks of association with Europe in time of peace are negligible since we are bound to be associated anyway in time of war. It seems to me sensible, therefore, to use our power in time of peace to give prestige to any agency which is designed to increase the facilities for peaceable adjustment. Since we cannot escape a great war if it comes, we do not add to our peril, and we may lessen it if we support institutions like the Court, which are intended to make war less likely.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter heard the other day that the ice was eight inches thick in the middle of a certain lake in northwestern Connecticut and fourteen inches thick around the edges, he was minded to take the next train for the north. The ice, of course, has often been as thick as that; but thick ice and no snow to speak of make a combination rare enough to be sought after. Skating, for those who enjoy it, is then at its best; fishing through a hole chopped with a hatchet offers a fine morning's entertainment; and if these less strenuous diversions become tiresome, the visitor can always stand around on one foot and offer advice and an occasional shoulder while ice for next summer is being cut. Around the rim of the lake the Drifter can picture the winter woods, bare except for the pines and hemlocks, yet colored with the peculiar purplish light that lies on them from November on. If there are animals abroad—and most of them are sound asleep or gone elsewhere—they scurry over dried leaves and yellowed ferns and pick up a precarious living from partridge berries and the like. The laurel is still green and bright; a few burning brown leaves cling to the oak branches. It is, taken all in all, a most engaging time of year, less often celebrated, less spectacular, but fully as alluring as the more famous spring or ardent fall.

* * * * *

THE Drifter remembers vividly a description of W. H. Hudson's of winter near the Land's End. Outdoors it is damp and cold; inside the small stone houses, with walls two feet thick, fires of dried furze strive with the winter temperature and the rain. The room is lighted only by an inadequate lamp; the great stone fire-place yawns darkly; a heap of furze is thrown on the hearth and in a few seconds the room is a blaze of light and the heat unbearable. But only for a moment; presently it is as dark and cold as before, and until another burning bush is thrown down, the inhabitants shiver and drip. How different is the scene indoors near the Drifter's Connecticut lake. There the fireplaces have been closed off except in one room; stoves glow redly, the rooms are pleasantly dry and snug, and in the one chimney left open logs a foot through burn and are replenished all day. There are apples in the cellar and hickory nuts in a bag hung from the rafters in the woodshed. There is even a fender to hold lazy feet and a glass of something hot and fiery. If the frozen lake is alluring, how much more so this heat and drowsy comfort and pleasant inactivity! It is not even necessary to think of cutting wood, for this was done last November by an industrious and insistent buzz-saw.

* * * * *

IT is deplorable to think that millions of persons live through entire winters in New York without ever experiencing any of these things. For them the fireplace is the steam radiator, the lake an indoor skating rink, the glass of something hot a synthetic concoction with ice in it. Surely the human race can sink no lower. The Drifter pities those specimens of it; if he were actually by his fireside in Connecticut—or, more accurately, the fireside of an accommodating friend—he could pity them even more. As it is, he is doomed for the present to a steam radiator, but in memory he has known Eden. He can look out the window and see blown apple branches instead of radio apparatus, dried cornstalks in place of flying bits of newspaper, stiff grass and not uneven asphalt. The roar of the wind from the valley is in his ears instead of crashing motor trucks; his fellow-men are few and far between, beating their way along a sheltered ridge or down a rutty, frozen road. And instead of the almost imperceptible change in the city from winter to mid-winter, and then to late winter and early spring, he can imagine the delights of sugaring off, the first rush of water underneath the ice, the ice breaking up, and the tremendous advent of a crocus leaf.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Mr. Lewisohn's "Israel"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To students of race and racial characteristics no book published in the past year equals in interest Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's "Israel." The problem of the Jewish race in its relation to the rest of the community is there presented with understanding and sympathy. That this problem exists cannot now be denied. And it has sprung up in this country in the last fifty years. The race problem is not a new one over here. Seventy-five years ago an equivalent prejudice, though founded on different grounds, existed against the Irish in this country. "No Irish need apply" was a frequent insertion in advertisements here. Let the Jewish race give up claiming that they are "hundred per cent American." Let them be satisfied with being seventy-five per cent American and twenty-five per cent Hebrew. All the rest of us acknowledge and take some pride in our racial ancestry. The Jew can well and proudly claim that his race is the only pure race, the only race that has preserved for three thousand years its physical and mental characteristics; that the rest of the Americans are hybrids composed of a mixture of strains—Saxon, Teutonic, Slavic, Celtic, Latin, etc.—and that this very purity of racial strain gives the Jew a cause for pride. With this in mind the Jews should found, support, and patronize their own universities, hospitals, and other institutions of aid and culture, take a pride in their race and heritage and not try to deny them or force themselves into the society of Gentiles. And let the Gentiles, on the other hand, remember that Christ was born of the Jewish race and bear themselves toward the Jewish race accordingly.

New York, January 7 LAWRENCE GODKIN

Opponents of Militarism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please permit me to correct a slight inaccuracy in one of this week's [December 23] editorial paragraphs of *The Nation*. You mention Morris R. Cohen as the only professor of the College of the City of New York courageous enough to take a public stand against compulsory military science at the institution. This does a grave injustice to several other members of the faculty who were as outspoken and as vigorous if not as prompt in their criticism as was Professor Cohen. Particularly to be commended is Professor William B. Otis, *one of the directors of the National Security League!* Not only did he speak in behalf of the students' cause at his weekly forum in Public School No. 111, but he addressed a student rally at the college as well, and together with Professor Breithut of the chemistry department led the fight of the subsequent faculty meeting.

New York, December 23 A STUDENT

Getting a Hearing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With interest and some dismay I read not long ago in *The Nation* a statement which I hope may be symbolically rather than actually true. The statement, contained in an editorial headed An American Paradox [November 11], was to the effect that "Literary interest and literary talent are extraordinarily diffused in America. Nearly everybody can read, nearly everybody can write, and, as a result, almost anyone with anything to say is sure of a hearing."

I will not be personal. That it has become almost as much of a problem to dispose of rejection slips as it has to rid the house of disused razor blades is a fact whose explanation the discerning mind will readily derive from the above-quoted statement. But there are yet to be accounted for two other classes of literary people from whose ranks I am eliminated. These are the perhaps few, perhaps many, who also receive rejection slips but who do have something to say nevertheless, and that menacingly large class of real 24-karat authors who are perpetually featured in our magazines but who long since have ceased to have anything to say. Thus it is that the covers of magazines contain a good deal of high-power ammunition which is never fired off inside.

And of that first class of writers, what? The very Titans of literature themselves are proud of the fact that for ten years they never succeeded in publishing a thing. And yet one must suppose that in that early day they had something to say, though it is gone from them now.

To be "sure of a hearing" is, I am afraid (and trust), a privilege not immediately accorded to owners of ideas, valuable or otherwise. No, Mr. Editor, you haven't given us the whole story. A link of logic is missing. Some day, when you have time and a column to fill, won't you amend that statement of yours to read: "Almost anyone with anything to say is sure of a hearing, if somebody will lift him up on his shoulders where he can be seen—and heard."

Schenectady, N. Y., November 21 DAVID O. WOODBURY

More About Bishop Brown

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Rowland F. Nye, in your issue of December 9, voices a common misunderstanding concerning the case of Bishop William Montgomery Brown when he criticizes *The Nation* for noting editorially what actually happened in New Orleans.

In the first place, a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church was "deposed" and the tradition that Episcopal orders are indelible was thus sacrificed. In the second place, contrary to the traditions of the church, a man who subscribed in full to all the statements of the creeds, and whose honesty in the matter was never even questioned, was nevertheless held guilty because he did not interpret those dogmas as his judges wished them interpreted. But again, contrary to all the traditions, his judges refused to state *how* they wished them interpreted, but fell back, exactly as you stated, "on the sacred fourth-century words of the liturgies as 'doctrine' to which a bishop must subscribe."

If Mr. Nye had read the opinion of the Review Court, whose findings were ratified by the House of Bishops, he would not have to ask what those words were; for if the Nicene Creed is not a fourth-century wording of Christian faith, what is it? That it is a "doctrine" of the church, however, was disputed by Bishop Brown, on the ground that the Prayer Book itself does not make such a claim but presents the creeds rather as liturgies, while distinctly referring to the Holy Scriptures as the sole standard of Episcopal doctrine.

But the big point in Bishop Brown's case is not that he was unfairly treated. It is, as you intimated, that the church could not find him guilty without sacrificing not only its traditions but its common sense. For Bishop Brown, from the first, admitted the *right* of the church to hold its bishops to any standard of doctrine which the church saw fit to impose; and agreed to plead guilty, and resign without a trial, if his judges would declare their own literal belief in the dogmas which he was accused of controverting.

Bishop Brown, to be sure, does not look upon the church as a political party, held together by an agreement to stand by certain defined doctrines. He looks at it, rather, as a family; and if one member of a family disagrees with the others on some point of doctrine, it is not considered incumbent upon him to resign from the family. But if an agreement upon doc-

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trine is required, common sense would seem to demand that something be stated upon which to agree; and Bishop Brown's great contribution to modern thought has been his demonstration that no such doctrinal standard can be raised today.

He admitted from the start that he did not believe the creeds literally and that he doubtless did not believe them as they were originally intended to be believed. The people who formulated them believed that the earth was flat and that heaven was upstairs and hell down below; and that they intended that others should believe exactly this is evident from the way they treated unbelievers as soon as they were strong enough to gain jurisdiction over them.

Bishop Brown, however, while freely admitting his guilt, if the creeds must be interpreted as they were originally intended, pointed out that the application of the old standard would find everybody else guilty as well. But if he were allowed to interpret them symbolically, he asked that some standard of symbolic interpretation be employed. The answer of the church, after the Review Court had pondered this problem for eight months, was to ignore the whole question and fall back (as Bishop Brown warned them that they would have to) upon those old fourth-century wordings which no modern churchman can possibly accept, unless he, just like the bishop, reads modern meanings into them.

There is no question, to be sure, that Bishop Brown's views are very different from the views of any other bishop and of the vast majority of the other spokesmen of the church. But the fact remains that they can not *try* him for this divergence without committing the church, as it was committed in New Orleans, to a standard which nobody can accept.

"You do not agree with us," the church very properly told him.

"Correct," said the bishop. "What of it?"

"We shall put you out," they said.

"For what?" he asked.

"For not believing as we do," they said.

"What do you believe?" he inquired.

"The Creeds," he was told.

"So do I," he said.

"But not in the way we do," they explained.

"In what way do you believe them?" he asked.

"In the right way, of course," was the answer, "but we won't go into that. Here are the words of the Creeds and here are your words. To be sure, each of us interprets the words differently, and nobody can interpret them today as the fourth-century formulators did; but here is their formula, here are your words; it is easy to see that they do not tally."

It was not very nice of *The Nation* to make any comment upon such purely ecclesiastical proceedings, but the comment which it did make was in exact accordance with the facts. The only excuse for making it is that the Bishop Brown case marks an epoch in American thinking which has hitherto been greatly clouded by the assumption that the church does "teach" certain things. The church does not teach. It learns. It learns slowly, but it learns.

New York, December 10 CHARLES W. WOOD

A Word on Musical Criticism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Haggin's exposition of jazz in *The Nation* of December 9 is something for which musician and layman alike should be very grateful.

Such devastating penetration as Mr. Haggin's is an example of what musical criticism should really possess. It is obvious that the author of it derives his clarity from a mind and aesthetic comparatively removed from the necessity of daily utterance, and correspondingly capable of arriving at more useful and discerning conclusions than characterize current musical criticism.

New York, December 4 LINCOLN LANGLEY

Speed Control for Automobiles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. John H. Bartlett, the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington, in courteous reply to my letter of inquiry, writes me, under date of December 17, that "All government-owned mail trucks are equipped with devices which make it impossible to operate them in excess of a certain speed."

The point I wish to make is this—that what has been done, *and done successfully*, by the federal government for the reduction of automobile accidents and fatalities could be done successfully by the various State governments; and that the government of the State of New York could, and should, pass a law making it compulsory that all the automobiles in the State, whether privately owned or otherwise, should be "equipped with devices to make it impossible to operate them in excess of a certain speed" (a speed consistent with public safety.)

Chicago, Christmas Day BERTRAND SHADWELL

He Wears a Hat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What, may I ask, has become of those most worthy of crusaders who last spring so loudly demanded a "hatless Manhattan"?

Have they, with heads exposed to the blazing rays of an August sun, like the stricken horse, passed on to their reward or has the withering frost of early November driven them into hibernation where they await the vernal call of another season?

A good, comfortable hat is one of God's finest gifts to humanity. I am not a hat-maker. I plow corn for a livelihood, and sure realize the value of a good hat.

Oradell, N. J., November 10 HENRY T. BELLEW

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author of "The Story of Mankind," "Tolerance," and other books, is contributing a weekly page of drawings to *The Nation*.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS is a New York lawyer. He was a member of the counsel for defense in the Scopes evolution trial in Dayton, Tennessee. He will debate the subject of this article with Doris Stevens at *The Nation's* dinner on February 4, in New York.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is in China studying the present situation.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

WALTER LIPPMANN is chief editorial writer for the New York *World*.

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER lives in Denver, Colorado.

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MARIAN TYLER is a member of *The Nation* staff.

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Books, Music, Plays

Pueblo Legend

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

The ancient tribes, when they and earth were new,
Dwelt on lush emerald fields, set in a frame
Of silver streams, and hunted willing game;
Fat with unending feasts: for Awanyu,
Plumed serpent-god of water sources, threw
His rivers down to them . . . till they became
Indifferent and ceased to bless his name.
Then, to the deeps of heaven he withdrew.

Long must dry lips of thirsty deserts pray
Before the rain's cool cup is theirs to take.
Still, Awanyu, who is the Milky Way,
Unpardoning, swims down his dark sky lake.
Did padres know, who at San Felipé
Carved round a font the image of a snake?

First Glance

THOMAS HARDY is perhaps the only poet today who could and would fill 279 pages with poems most of which are bad and all of which are interesting. He has done this in "Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs, and Trifles" (Macmillan: $2.25), a volume which at eighty-five reveals Mr. Hardy in all the baldness of his worst technique and yet is continuously readable. I could name several dozen pieces here and defy anyone to match them in all reputable English verse for grittiness and crabbed cacophony. But some of these very pieces I should also have to place among those English poems which I most respect; they, with others in this volume, have become new evidence supporting my old conviction that Mr. Hardy is far and away the most considerable of living British poets. I am not saying, either, that I like these poems in spite of their faults. I have grown to like even Mr. Hardy's faults, and suspect indeed that they are but aspects of some deep central virtue which deserves a better definition than it has ever got. In the case of this poet, as in the case of every other good poet whom I know, the thing seen is quite inseparable from the thing said; to rearrange his words would be to destroy the world which they have so patiently built.

The temptation is strong to find "Human Shows" expressing the old age of its author. One could seem to make a case by beginning on the first page with the little dialogue in which the poet and a star discover that they both are merely waiting until some change shall come. One might go on then to several pieces in which Mr. Hardy represents himself as walking like a ghost of old days among new dancers and new lovers who do not know him. And there would seem to be significance in numerous poems dealing concretely with death—in the address, for instance, to six boards which one day will have much in common with him who speaks to them, or in the remarkable lyric called When Dead:

It will be much better when
I am under the bough;
I shall be more myself, Dear, then,
Than I am now.

No sign of querulousness
To wear you out
Shall I show there: strivings and stress
Be quite without.

This fleeting life-brief blight
Will have gone past
When I resume my old and right
Place in the Vast.

But it must be remembered that Mr. Hardy has always been old and that he has always written poems. A few poems here are dated back as far as fifty years; others hail from their author's prime; and of the dozens which are undated I am sure it would be unsafe to talk in terms of internal evidence. I prefer on the whole to take "Human Shows" simply as one more collection of dramatic lyrics by a poet whose pleasure it has been to create within himself an infinite variety of human moods and to give them the most concise and gleaming form possible to his pen. The next book by Mr. Hardy cannot be older than this one, nor has any previous book been younger. His consistency has been quite as great as his variety.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Tower and a Light

Cornish Granite. Extracts from the Writings and Speeches of Lord Courtney of Penwith. Compiled by Esme C. M. Stewart and E. Satterthwaite, with an introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. London: Leonard Parsons. 6/.

LORD COURTNEY was a Cornishman of principles truly as strong and unshakable as granite—a type of statesman, it often seems to us, which England alone can produce, albeit in far too small numbers. He was distinctly of the material of which Bright and Cobden were made, and in his devotion to peace and international good-will, his never-failing championship of free trade, his thirst for justice, and his opposition to imperialism he walked in their footsteps. Like John Stuart Mill he was called "the conscience of the House of Commons," and like John Morley he could sacrifice high office for conscience' sake. As Morley left the Cabinet when the World War came, so Courtney resigned as Secretary to the Treasury in protest against the non-inclusion of proportional representation in the Gladstone Reform Bill of 1884—as he had also deprived himself of a Cabinet seat by refusing to go along with Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule issue. Finally he gave up his seat in Parliament in 1900 because of his opposition to his country and its government during the Boer War. The World War fulfilled several longstanding predictions of his—that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 was a dreadful mistake and that the armament race of the nations could have only one ending. During it he spoke out bravely for an early and just peace, refused to hate and vilify the enemy, and pleaded the cause of the conscientious objector although he himself was not opposed to all war. As he was then in his eighties, and totally blind, he could make no other protests; he was the exact type of Englishman who should have made the peace at Versailles.

Curiously enough this internationally minded Liberal was for fourteen years a member of the staff of the London *Times;* a leader-writer of distinction under the famous Delane and at the same time a member of the Radical Club and the Political Economy Club. Yet he could not compromise his principles, and he was happy to graduate to a political life in which he could at all times stand for the things he believed in without thought of cost or consequences. "My maxim of international

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conduct," he wrote, "is to make friends of all and allies of none." Like George Washington he was for "no entangling alliances" for his country, and he particularly warned his countrymen against the type of international pledge which took England, to her utter misfortune, into the World War. Especially severe was this graduate of the imperialistic *Times* upon the theory that the great countries must go to war all over the globe "to prevent anarchy"; because "when we go to prevent anarchy we create anarchy, and having created anarchy we are obliged to keep a firm hold upon it, because we cannot withdraw without a danger of something worse than existed before."

Lord Courtney was a passionate lover of poetry; his extraordinary memory retained poem after poem of great length and difficulty. Yet the extracts from his speeches in the little volume before us are unvaried by quotation and lacking in grace and charm. They are truly as forthright as the towering cliffs of his Cornwall. Simple, straightforward, and earnest these addresses are; sincerity and honesty shine through every page. They are admirable political texts—we wish they might be in the hands of every student of political science and international relations. It is a pity, however, that nothing appears from his speeches against the Boer War; and the book suffers greatly as a volume of reference because the extracts are printed with no regard to the period or place or circumstance of their delivery. Not a single source is given. Yet, fragments as they are, they justify Quiller-Couch in speaking of Lord Courtney as he did years ago as being portrayed by two texts: "Lord, make men as towers!" and "All towers carry lights." America needs nothing so much in her political life today as men of conscience like Lord Courtney—towers carrying lights.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Increase and Multiply

The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

PROFESSOR PEARL'S book affords the best evidence I know of that biology still provides infinite material for new and original studies; that such studies may have tremendous human interest and importance; that experimentation and statistics are not only compatible but so mutually dependent that each seems almost impotent without the other; and that the reports of such scientific work can and should be not only comprehensible but beautifully written and highly entertaining to the intelligent general reader. This book illustrates further the fact that science, studied for its own sake, can be enthusiastically set forth by one who is non-Messianic, cold to the appeal of the Higher Good, and a stranger to the Uplift.

What is the book about and what do we learn from it? In the first place it details statistics (for the most part in appendices) and controlled experiments bearing on the question: What principles underlie the increase in biologic populations—from yeast to man? Then it presents ingratiating and closely reasoned argument about some of the factors which determine the observed results. The main conclusion of the study is that population growth follows a single law (in a given cultural epoch), which may be represented by a curve shaped like an S with its upper end drawn out to the right, and which the author puts in words as follows:

> Growth occurs in cycles. Within one and the same cycle, and in a spatially limited area or universe, growth in the first half of the cycle starts slowly, but the absolute increment per unit of time *increases* steadily until the mid-point of the cycle is reached. After that point the increment per unit of time becomes steadily *smaller* until the end of the cycle.

The universality of this principle is attested by the similarity in equations and curves obtained by studying the growth of the rat, the pumpkin, the yeast plant, the tadpole's tail, and the population growth of Sweden, France, Germany, Algeria, and fruit-flies (Drosophila). Here we have, as the author says, means "to predict, upon a more adequate scientific basis than mere guesswork, future populations, or to estimate past populations, outside the range of known census counts." In making this statement he is careful to emphasize the limitation of prophecy to a single cultural epoch, modestly claiming high accuracy "for the next ten or twenty years."

The reader will be surprised to find three chapters devoted to Algeria, but the reason is plain and sufficient. It is because this country is a case which comes close to supplying in full desiderata which are rare in this field, viz., "adequate records and clean-cut racial and social discontinuities on a scale of respectable statistical magnitude." This study of the numbers, the mortality and birth-rates, the hygiene, and the sexual habits of the Algerians proves conclusively that the logistic curve approximates a real *law;* but beyond this it suggests inquiries—regarding the influence of density, of economic and social factors, of sex activity, etc.—which occupy the rest of the book and look outward toward limitless regions of future research.

In his discussion of the differential birth-rate in civilized countries Professor Pearl finds that powerful factors cause the poor to multiply while the rich do not, one of them being the unique availability for the socially unfortunate of bodily pleasures and the much wider choice of amusements open to the well-to-do. He concludes on such grounds that the efforts of the eugenists to correct the situation by persuading the "socially, economically, and in some part biologically superior classes to reproduce more freely as a sort of transcendental social duty" are not likely to meet with any notable success. The alternative—birth control for the poor—seems to Pearl to be more promising. His experience has led him to the opinion that after proper legal and educational changes are made those with a high birth-rate may possibly see the light. This is as near to propaganda for social betterment as our author gets.

The section innocently entitled Human Behavior and the Birth-Rate is in reality a unique and unexpected contribution to scientific knowledge. In it will be found records of the sexual activity of 257 men averaging about 65 years of age, records which Pearl considers sufficiently reliable from every point of view. The analysis of this body of data brings out many points of interest immediately connected with the subject of the book, such as the relation of sexual prowess to fertility, as well as other items for which the reader must turn to the book itself.

Professor Pearl is the antithesis of the popular figure of the great scientist. He is intensely interested in music, prints, old editions of Lucretius, what is good to eat and drink—as absorbed in these spiritual things of this world, if the phrase be permitted, as he is in his scientific studies. Or so it seems to his observing friends. He is thus a lively witness to the truth of the principle that overspecialization, exclusive withdrawal from the world, is not necessary to learned achievement. And what is perhaps more important, his book with its wide appeal to the intelligent, non-scientific public would have been quite impossible apart from its author's wide human interests.

H. M. PARSHLEY

Spiced Pastry

Letters to a Lady in the Country, Together with Her Replies. By Paul and Caroline, with an introduction by Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THESE letters, ostensibly written by a young Kentuckian in New York to a lady who has married a *Landsmann* of his, appeared originally in the columns of *Books*, of which Mr. Sherman is the editor; and they now reappear with his editorial blessing. Some of the lady's replies are included in this formal collection, as well as a few epistles by her relatively

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unliterary husband. One misses two or three of her earlier printed responses, which were, as I recall them, somewhat more pithy and less "purple" than her subsequent letters. One misses, to a far greater degree, a conclusion to the tale that is unfolded in these mildly romantic and as mildly intellectual conversations on paper. It looks very much as though the gentleman concealed behind the anonymity of "Paul" and the lady hiding her pretty face in the skirts of "Caroline," being unable to work out a satisfactory solution for the problem in which they are the acute angles, left it blithely to the Euclidean-minded reader and so made an end.

Indeed the charm, as well as the fault, of this rather bland volume is that practically every question touched upon—and they are various—is left, ultimately, in the hands of the reader. There is, first of all, this business of the destinies of Paul, Caroline, and the husband of Caroline, who is, by the way, the friend of Paul. The situation presented is not new. Especially since Caroline is represented as a lovely, lovable, and witty woman, Paul as a charming and cultivated young man, and Jim—the husband in the case—as an attractive but rather blunt, naive fellow who makes the usual move of the jealous mate—that of bringing as close as possible the beloved and the new lover. But the result of this juxtaposition is not revealed. Neither is a decision reached with regard to the problem with which the letters commence: the importance, to an author, of what a French writer calls "the little fatherland," and Paul, "our American provinces." Nor does one come away sure of the meaning and use of what Paul, again, calls "personal culture." There is a certain amount of to-do about all these things, and a pleasant mental stir in consequence, but the tone of the correspondence is so light that to read it is like eating a pleasantly spiced pastry. It would, however, be churlish to quarrel with a dessert because it was not substantial, and it is equally ungracious to dismiss a provocative and intelligent book because it is neither intense nor profound.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Novel of Manners

Possession. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

FOR the moment the American novel of manners is, with one or two notable exceptions, in negligible if prosperous hands, while the few writers of pronounced talent follow the flickerings of the individual soul through the mazes of a labyrinth that might as well be in China as in America. There are of course always two legitimate general forms of the novel. The one concerns itself with the individual seen against his social background, and the other sees him suspended, as he also is, in abstract time and space—a Tom Jones and a Werther. Both of these are legitimate, but the boundaries of the imagination are artificially narrowed when the author confuses that placeless labyrinth which exists only in his own mind with the external and infinitely more varied world.

So just at this time it is particularly fortunate that Mr. Bromfield should have evoked for us Grandpa Tolliver and Julia Shane, Skinflint Seaton, little Miss Ogilvie, and Clarence Murdock—should in a word have seen that American life, rather like life elsewhere, cannot be summed up in a few generalizations or wholly forced into the Procrustean bed of the revulsions of any one writer or group of writers. For revulsions have a curious way of distorting reality; and the revulsion of one generation of writers against the superficialities, or misconceptions, or commercialized misrepresentations of the preceding generation often has the effect of equally distorting the newer vision. Because the general run of story-tellers up to the last dozen years had expressed their sense of the variety of life by presenting theatrical and sentimentalized versions of stock characters, many of the most gifted writers of the day deny the variety of life and paint for us only endless and rather one-sided self-portraits. And because many of our social customs are anachronisms or are hypocritical, they deny the complexity of the social milieu and see life stripped to a few basic passions; with the result that the foreigner wishing to gain from their work a notion of American life paints the ridiculous mental picture which Virginia Woolf exposed in a recent essay, and the relatively unimaginative average man whose sense of life must always in the main be drawn from more powerful imaginations comes to conceive it as curiously crude and dull.

The variety of the passing scene which Mr. Bromfield has craftily managed to snare for us—in short, Mr. Bromfield's reminder that the basic passions express themselves here, as elsewhere, in infinitely varied and interesting forms—is important. Nor does this importance seem to me to be invalidated by the fact that the novel does not come off; that in the end one must confess that the characters are only evoked, not created; that though the author is able to bring them on to the stage he cannot set them in motion; that he takes a pleasure in scenes like the royal accouchement of Ellen which leads him into a rather easy titillation of our nerves.

His imagination seems to work surely only in the smoky town where Shane Castle stands in the midst of mills. When he leaves it for the Arabian Nights magnificence and confusion of cosmopolitan success he gives us the stock characters of popular fiction, thereby possibly also giving aid and comfort to those more conscientious writers who scorn to falsify their sense of life even though it is rather dully symbolized in its more ecstatic moments by a man and a woman on a sawdust heap with a bottle of whiskey.

It is disappointing that this second novel by Mr. Bromfield shows no improvement over the promising first one, that it as consistently fails in the concrete working out of a really fine design, and that the writer, who has a definite talent for easy-flowing rhythmical prose, should still be as little disturbed about exactitude or poignancy of word or phrase. Though it must be remembered that the word fail can here have only a relative meaning, and that in doing Mr. Bromfield the high compliment of comparing his book with enduring work I do not forget that his failure betters most of the current output. Either Mr. Bromfield, whose native talents as a social historian are unusually rich, or someone else will eventually work the field which is here only zestfully surveyed and staked out.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Bits About Napoleon

The First Napoleon. Some Unpublished Documents from the Bowood Papers. By the Earl of Kerry. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THIS handsome volume has all the outward appearances of a book. It has a definite title and bears a respected author's name. But a book it is not; only a bundle of documents, ranging in date from 1797 to 1864, by miscellaneous authors on miscellaneous subjects. The one clear connection between them is that they found a resting-place in the capacious archives of Bowood Castle. There comes a time in the life of every student when he loses patience with all epic or dramatic narratives and with all hypotheses, opinions, and reflections, not excluding his own. In such a mood one fresh document will seem a pearl of great price, and this book promises us "unpublished documents." The reader's curiosity will not be completely unrewarded; but the reward could hardly be called munificent.

Among the documents is a letter from Napoleon to Flahault, dated Troyes, February 27, 1814, which "shows that the Emperor, under cover of his negotiations, was deliberately trying to deceive the enemy and to steal a march upon them."

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This will cause no thrill of surprise and no shudder of indignation in any student of diplomacy, ancient or modern. We wonder whether any one between Saint Louis and President Wilson has ever played the armistice game without cards up his sleeves. The letter was omitted from the edition of Napoleon's correspondence published under the Second Empire by a commission of which Flahault was long a member. The very fact of the omission is in itself a document, but again a document which proves something that no one ever questioned, viz., the unreliable character of that monumental collection. The "Correspondence," evidently, was ruthlessly edited. At first it was not sifted quite carefully enough to please a thoroughgoing Napoleonist like Flahault. He maintained that the commission, "composed of intelligent men devoted to the imperial idea," should not "allow the printing of documents which were never intended for publication," but only of "such as might serve, if it were possible, to enhance the renown" of the Great Man; "in other words, documents which he, if he could have been consulted in person, would have himself published." In such wise are the sources of history medicated for several generations, until legends, like our own infant industries, are fully able to take care of themselves.

The person here in whom we can feel the keenest interest is Mme de Souza, Flahault's mother—a most devoted mother indeed. The way in which she used the wiles of the Ancient Regime under new and difficult circumstances is simply marvelous. A returned emigrée, the friend of Josephine, she captivated young Louis Bonaparte with her mature social charm. She managed to secure for her son a place in Louis's regiment, and instructed the youth to be "aux petits soins" with his influential colonel. So Charles became a lieutenant at the age of sixteen. The Consular Regime was keeping its promise: a career open to all the talents! When Flahault became the lover of Hortense, Mme de Souza was their go-between. And it was Hortense, a much greater favorite with Napoleon than his own morose brother, who paved "the way to promotion and pay" for the handsome young officer. As soon as Napoleon abdicated in 1814 Mme de Souza arranged for his submission to the Bourbons, and had him presented to the princes. After the Hundred Days she decided that an English heiress would be just the thing for him; and such was her genius for matchmaking that two years after Waterloo (June 19, 1817) her Charles married Miss Margaret Elphinstone, daughter of old Admiral Keith, who was none too well pleased with an aide-de-camp of Bony as his son-in-law. We are led to surmise that they lived happy ever after.

The strangest thing of all is that although young Flahault was not ignorant of his mother's scheming we do not find him despicable. He must have inherited the charm which was felt by such dissimilar characters as Talleyrand, Louis Bonaparte, and M. de Souza. He was personally brave and chivalrous; he was sincerely devoted to Hortense; and he idolized Napoleon, whom he served well. He lived to a ripe old age, covered with dignities by Louis-Philippe and by his "stepson" Napoleon III; he survived his brilliant offspring Morny by five years; and he died, lucky to the last, on the very eve of Sedan.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Books in Brief

The Relic. By Eca de Queiroz. Translated from the Portuguese by A. F. G. Bell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This novel is beautiful and damned; pious and blasphemous; romantic and realistic. It tells of priest-ridden life in Portugal and of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land made by a rake who, by pious conduct in the presence of his aunt, is seeking to win her fortune. The high point of imaginative power is the amazing description, presented as a dream, of the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus Christ; the high point of passion is the Alexandrinian episode; and the high point of cruel comedy, the uncovering of the "relic" brought back from the Holy Land. "The Relic" is not a novel for pietists, moralists, or the unhumorous. For all others it will be a delight.

The Grace of Lambs. By Manuel Komroff. Boni and Liveright. $2.

In these fourteen very short stories Manuel Komroff displays a fine thin talent for making little cameos. Each one is distinct and clear and precise in a simplicity that never quite owns the sinews of power. Tales of Russian idiots and tramps and blacksmiths and soldiers ring like a brief lyric cry. It is not wholly fair to compare Mr. Komroff to Tchekhov and Bunin and Gorki, but the comparison is inevitable. All his stories have grace and delicacy without dark blood and rich humor.

NOTE: In the review of J. H. Leuba's "Psychology of Religious Mysticism," published December 9, the price was given as $6.50. It should have been $5.

Interesting Books of 1925

CHOSEN BY CARL VAN DOREN

Letters of James Boswell. Edited by C. B. Tinker. Oxford University.
Anatole France at Home. By Jean-Jacques Brousson. Lippincott.
John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin.
Jefferson and Hamilton. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin.
Catherine the Great. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf.
Paul Bunyan. By James Stevens. Knopf.
Brigham Young. By M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace.
The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp. By Glen Mullin. Century.
Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.
Jungle Days. By William Beebe. Putnam.
Renoir: An Intimate Record. By Ambroise Vollard. Knopf.
An American Tragedy. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni and Liveright.
Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
Bread and Circuses. By W. E. Woodward. Harper's.
The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. Doran.
The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill.
The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin.
The Guermantes Way. By Marcel Proust. Seltzer.
The Book of American Negro Spirituals. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press.
Two Lives. By William Ellery Leonard. Viking Press.
Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Boni and Liveright.
Processional. By John Howard Lawson. Seltzer.
Dialogues in Limbo. By George Santayana. Scribner's.
Essays and Soliloquies. By Miguel de Unamuno. Knopf.
The English Language in America. By George Philip Krapp. Century.
Americana—1925. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
History of the United States. Vol. VI: The War for Southern Independence. By Edward Channing. Macmillan.
The Great Pacific War. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin.
The New Negro. By Alain Locke. A. and C. Boni.
The Biology of Population Growth. By Raymond Pearl. Knopf.
The Tragedy of Waste. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan.
North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace.
The Fight for Everest. By E. F. Norton. Longmans, Green.
The Mentality of Apes. By W. Koehler. Harcourt, Brace.

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Music

Jazz Leaves Home

THERE is no such thing as a jazz concert. There are concerts of symphonic music influenced by jazz, and there are programs of true jazz, namely, fox-trots. The latter are not concerts, however, but dances—whether the audience keeps its seat or not. So Paul Whiteman in his recent concerts in New York put only two numbers of sure-enough jazz on the program. Through those numbers all Carnegie Hall swayed in its seat and shuffled surreptitiously. To the rest of the program it listened.

It is no reproach in music to be called a dance-form. Probably the first music in the world grew out of tribal dances. A whole school is built around the theory that music can best be taught by dance-like exercises. Folk songs and dances are inextricably mixed. The gavottes and sarabands and minuets of the seventeenth century created new musical forms which have long outlasted their period. The fox-trot is looked upon as a sort of disreputable descendant of the dances of the past, yet in a way it has more energy than its ancestors. It is hard to believe that the stately minuet ever meant as much as the fox-trot means in the lives of modern Americans, yet it was inserted bodily into hundreds of classic sonatas. Those of us who dislike fox-trots are going to be rather unhappy with the music of the next few years. We have already seen so-called serious composers borrow rhythms from jazz and jazz composers borrow harmonies from the serious moderns until the two are often indistinguishable. We shall see the fox-trot and its child, the Charleston, enthroned still higher.

For dancing is the only active recreation left to our poor overentertained bodies. The radio does our singing, and automobiles do our walking; but our dancing we still do for ourselves. When we tire of movie horsemanship or Chautauqua oratory we don't know how to ride or orate for ourselves. So we wait until the pressure is intolerable—then we dance. No wonder that we are a little feverish about it, and that the fox-trot seethes with accumulated vitality. We have not come to the point of admitting how bored we are with watching and listening and admiring the skill of professional performers, but it is true none the less. A concert by Kreisler cannot give us half the thrill we get from our own crude reading of a sonata.

As soon as we make the fox-trot a concert number it loses its virtue. It is one more boresome thing to listen to, perhaps less boresome than the classics because it is only one remove from a motor activity. Not that we can keep it out of concerts, but what goes over is a by-product. The essential rhythm of the fox-trot—the plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk that B. H. Haggin described in these pages the other day—is not suitable for concert music except in very short quotations. Some of the rhythmic embroidery can go over, and the new orchestral colors—the sour pervasive melancholy of the saxophones, the trombones' harsh cynicism. Most of all jazz can lend symphonic music large quantities of humor—not the sly ironic smile that serious moderns have extracted with such effort and pride, but a frank guffaw. The clowns and elephants of Deems Taylor's graphic "Circus Day," as scored by Ferdie Grofe, caused the audience to rock with laughter—a thing which never happens at the Boston Symphony. The Huckleberry Finn movement of Mr. Grofe's own "Mississippi" is an amusing cartoon; and George Gershwin's jazz opera, "135th Street," is full of delicious musical burlesque.

"135th Street" is not *the* jazz opera for which the world is waiting. It is a one-act sketch, and the soloists do an extravagant parody of grand operatic heroics against a background flippant, syncopated, and full of fox-trots in keeping with the cabaret scene. "Ladies and gentlemen," runs the recitative prologue grandiloquently, "come with me to Mike's colored saloon"; and Mike follows with an aria: "Sweep on, you lazy nigger; I got those Blue Monday Blues."

MARIAN TYLER

Drama

A New Carmen

AFTER a two weeks' eclipse the genius of the Moscow Art Theater Musical Studio shone forth again in its full glory with the production of "Carmencita and the Soldier" (Jolson's Theater). All the brilliance of the company had proved insufficient to redeem from triviality the two faded French operettas with which it had attempted to entertain us, and it had seemed to be wasting its talents; but "Carmen" is a work which, dramatically and musically, rises far above the level both of boulevard musical comedy and of nine-tenths of the grand opera which we are accustomed to see so solemnly performed. Its tone is, moreover, one which fits admirably the temperament of the Russians, and they threw themselves into it with a glorious abandon, moving with feline grace to its cruel rhythms and interpreting *con amore* its savage story. Even in its traditional form "Carmen" is one of the few operas which escape the absurd floridity of fable and musical setting that has made "operatic" an adjective of critical reproach used to describe whatever is too facilely and emotionally pretentious; and the version of the Moscow company, involving a radical revision of both the text and the score, reveals yet more clearly the barbaric passion which lies at its core. Gone is every trace of that saccharine varnish which those trained in the traditions of Italian opera invariably attempt to spread over it, and gone too are those processions, equine and human, which transform the performance at the Metropolitan into a sort of glorified circus. There remains the hard little story as Mérimée conceived it—the story of a love as brief, as fierce, as heartless, and yet as lithesome as the love of two cats or two tigers—and there remains the most inspired of the passages in which Bizet translated into staccato music the exultant ferocity of animal passions. As performed at the Jolson "Carmencita and the Soldier" is as inhumanly brilliant as the Spanish sun and as cruel as a bull fight.

In nothing does the genius of the director appear more clearly than in his arrangement of the scene and his management of the chorus. The single permanent setting consists of an open space upon which most of the action takes place and a series of bridge-like platforms, faintly suggesting walls, but remaining chiefly abstract. The chorus, disposed into ever shifting but ever beautiful groups, moves about upon these platforms and among its members is distributed a considerable portion of the music. After the manner of the classical chorus it serves as the voice of public opinion intently watching the career of Don José, and also as a means whereby his own conflicting emotions are expressed. Moreover the whole course of the drama is reflected in its motions as it laughs its amusement or draws together in excitement to peer intently down upon some climax of passion, thus constituting itself a body of perfect spectators who stimulate a sympathetic excitement in the audience and thus afford an admirable means for achieving that closer union between the auditorium and the stage which so many radical directors have sought in one way or another. One of the most seasoned of New York musical critics, who sat beside me, could not refrain from indignation at the shattering of traditions or from speculation with horror at the treatment which this company might give to "Tristan" or "Götterdämmerung"; but to me it seemed that I had never seen dramatic radicalism more completely justified by its fruits. It is true that the voices of the company are not distinguished, but art is always preferable to virtuosity, and this present performance is an almost complete realization of the company's aim of combining music with drama, since it achieves, as very few operas do, a complete integration of action, setting, and music.

Last week I confessed my fondness for revues and I must add "A Night in Paris" (Casino de Paris) to the list of those

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which celebrate at least the world and the flesh if not the devil with befitting frankness. It has a gorgeously beautiful and accomplished group of Gertrude Hoffman girls and it has some excellent comedy, including a burlesque of "The Green Hat" with real satiric point. Perhaps, however, I should add by way of warning that the nakedness of its performers and the roughness of its jokes will be pretty certain to offend.

At the Hampden Theater Mr. Hampden is presenting "The Merchant of Venice" in his usual highly intelligent manner and Ethel Barrymore is playing opposite him. Her Portia has both beauty and majesty. The production of "The Taming of the Shrew" which is being offered for a series of special matinees at the Klaw Theater offers two excellent performances upon the part of Rollo Peters as Petruchio and of Ann Harding as Bianca; Estelle Winwood as Katherina is not so good as either of these. "The Monkey Talks" (Harris Theater) is a melodrama of the circus which would be entirely puerile were it not for the fact that a remarkably convincing performance of the part of the monkey by a French actor named Jacques Lerner gives it the interest of an ingenious novelty. "Stronger than Love" (Belasco Theater) is a romantic tragedy of illegitimate heirs and women scorned which is marked by the same florid emotionalism which was noted in "Stolen Fruit," written by the same Dario Niccodemi. Nance O'Neil plays it well.

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International Relations Section

Japan's New Labor Party

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Osaka, December 5

THE Farmer-Labor Party of Japan was officially born about 5 p. m. on December 1. Three hours later the Government ordered its dissolution.

The new party was not born without birth pains. Japan, like Western industrial countries, has Communist and moderate Laborites who cannot get on with each other. In January, 1924 (shortly after the British Labor Party took office), Bunji Suzuki, president of the Japan Federation of Labor (a university graduate who left the secretaryship of the Japan Unitarian Association to organize Japan's labor-union movement thirteen years ago), repudiated Russian methods of action and hailed Ramsay MacDonald as labor's savior. In February, 1924, the federation, which had been indifferent to parliamentary action, officially indorsed the principle of a labor party. But before a new party could be organized the trade-union movement itself split. About a third of Mr. Suzuki's federation, including the important Kwanto Labor Council of the capital district, turned Communist.

In the early stages of the gestation of the Farmer-Labor Party the Communists and the moderates both participated. The Communists drew up the first draft of a proposed platform, which leaked into the press and aroused excited comment. Rumors of government interference were heard. Finally, at a committee meeting held in the Tokio Municipal Street Car Workers' headquarters on November 29 the Federation of Labor withdrew from the proceedings.

The newspapers announced that the new party had died. But at the next committee meeting, held on November 30, a Communist said that his group, solicitous for the success of the new party, had decided to withdraw. Thus both Left and Right were out of the new party. Nevertheless, on December 1 sixty-four delegates from thirty-four organizations, headed by the Peasants' Union and including the stewards, the pottery workers, the mechanics, the miners, the Tokio street-car workers, the government workers, and others, met in the hut of the Tokio Y. M. C. A. to organize the party. Two or three hundred sympathizers and about two hundred policemen watched its birth. Every visitor to the hall was thoroughly searched by four energetic and inquisitive policemen, and admission was by card, which had to be filled in with the visitor's name and address.

Meanwhile, the platform as well as the membership of the new party had been carefully censored by the organizers. The planks to which most objection had been taken were omitted. The new platform no longer called for the abolition of the House of Peers, of the Privy Council, the General Staff of the army, and the naval Board of Command. The proposal for nationalization of the land had been dropped, and so had the suggestion of soldiers' councils. So had certain proposed clauses regarding the police and judicial systems. The final platform read as follows:

Politics

1. Abolition of the Peace Preservation Law, the Public Peace Police Law, and all other laws and regulations intended to suppress working-class movements.
2. Immediate state compensation for damage caused by the abuse of judicial and police powers.
3. Unrestricted franchise for men and women of twenty years of age, and recognition of their eligibility to elected office. Proxy vote for seamen away from home.
4. Drastic reduction of armaments.
5. Enforcement of the one-year military-service system, and state relief for families impoverished by conscription.
6. Opposition to all policies intended to militarize the people.

Finance

7. Abolition of taxes and tariffs on necessaries of life.
8. Imposition of high progressive rates in the land and house tax, tax on interest on capital, business tax, income tax, and inheritance tax.
10. Creation of a property tax with high progressive rates.

Economics

11. Establishment of the tenant's right to participate in the management of tenant farms.
12. Acquisition by peasants of the right of control over the production and distribution of fertilizer and agricultural implements.
13. State relief for peasants and fishermen in case of loss by natural calamities.
14. State regulation of the prices of basic products and foods.

Labor

15. Acquisition of the right to organize and to strike.
16. Acquisition of the right of collective bargaining.
17. Eight-hour day and 44-hour week; six-hour day and 33-hour week for miners.
18. Prohibition of night work, mine work, and dangerous operations for boys under 16 and women workers.
19. Six-hour day and 30-hour week for workers under 18.
20. Enactment of a minimum-wage law.
21. Equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex, age, or race.
22. Abolition of contract-labor system, apprentice system, and other backward labor systems, relics of feudalism.
23. Health and accident insurance, and preventive measures against accident and vocational diseases.
24. State subsidies for the unemployed.
25. Control of employment agencies by labor unions.
26. Revision of the factory, mines, and seamen's laws, and of the regulations for workers in government factories.

Social Welfare

27. State support of the aged, pregnant women, and children in the non-propertied classes.
28. Adequate institutions for the health and convalescence of the working class.
29. Public provision of houses for the non-propertied classes, and tenant management of them.
30. Abolition of bureaucratic control of young people and ex-soldiers.

Education

31. Abolition of capitalistic education in the primary schools.
32. Abolition of all restrictions upon women's education and vocation.
33. Abolition of restrictions upon education and vocation of children from the dependencies and colonies.
34. Extension of the period of primary education, the cost of such education for working-class children to be borne by the state.

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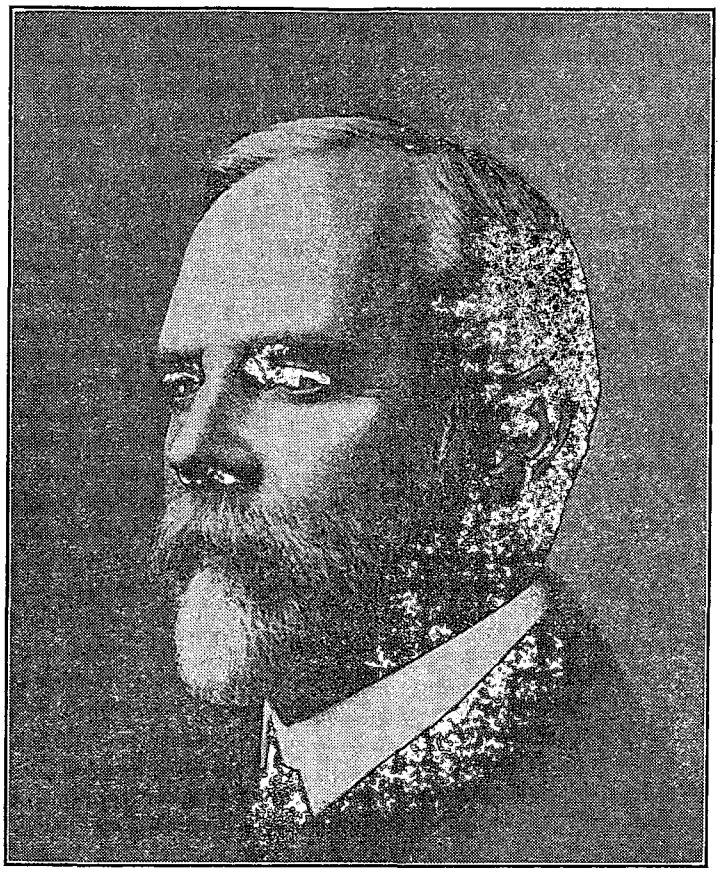

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DIPLOMACY

35. Abolition of secret diplomacy.

36. Abrogation of all unequal treaties with weaker nations, and aggressive measures.

37. Abolition of consular jurisdiction and military interference in China.

38. Abolition of all obstacles to the international organization of the working class.

The following manifesto accompanied the platform:

The days of democracy are here. The time has come for the people to establish a form of politics of their own choice. The introduction of universal manhood suffrage [Japan's electorate has recently been extended from three to fourteen million, including virtually all men above 25] does not simply mean conferring on the people the right to cast a ballot. . . .

In other words, the people under the manhood-suffrage system must organize political parties of their own, with platforms and policies peculiar to themselves. They must see that the wishes of the classes to which they belong are embodied in the administration. The old political parties have all represented the propertied classes; none has represented the working class. . . .

All the political evils of this country have sprung from this cause, and all economic and social ills have been traceable to it. We have now combined to organize the Farmer-Labor Party which, unlike the old parties, represents the masses. . . .

Less than three hours passed from the issuance of that platform and manifesto to the order of dissolution—a period so short that it is hard to believe that the officials waited to read them. Their subsequent explanations suggest the same conclusion. The Home Minister at 8 p. m. sent to the chief of the metropolitan police an offer stating that "the Farmer-Labor Party which has been organized within your jurisdiction is hereby vetoed in accordance with Article VIII, Section 2, of the Public Peace Police Law.

Several explanations of this drastic action were issued by the Home Office. The first suggested that the career, ideas, and character of the promoters of the new party were suspect; that the party, organized by unions, included women and minors, who by law are not permitted to join in political activity; and that the platform was only a screen for hidden Communist principles. Mr. Matsumura, chief of the police bureau of the Home Department, issued a cheerful, reassuring statement in which he said:

It is hoped that the Government will not be misunderstood to possess a prejudice against the so-called Labor Party. What the Government desires is to eliminate the dangerous doctrines advocated by some which might blind the people and incite them to rash conduct endangering the foundation upon which the nation is built. The Government earnestly desires that the Farmer-Labor Party may follow the open and unprejudiced path by way of healthy and reasonable methods and contribute to the development of constitutionalism in this country.

The action taken by the Government in prohibiting the Farmer-Labor Party is partly intended to provide an opportunity for sincere reflection. The authorities cannot but hope that such reflection on the part of the promoters of the organization may afford an opportunity for the realization of a sound and healthy movement.

A more specific government statement gave as the causes of dissolution:

1. Expressed communistic views.

2. Most of the items of the original platform, which were subsequently struck out, are manifestly communistic.

3. Among the items of the platform eventually adopted those relating to state housing and tenant control of such houses, and to the acquisition by the peasants of control over the production and distribution of fertilizer and agricultural implements, smack of communism.

4. In explaining the platform at the inaugural meeting of the party a speaker stated that it represented only part of the party's demands, implying that the party had principles kept in the background.

5. The following items in the platform are designed to stimulate class-consciousness: (a) Abolition of the Peace Preservation Law, the Public Peace Police Law, and all other laws intended to suppress working-class movements; (b) abolition of capitalistic education in the primary schools; (c) abolition of all unequal treaties with weaker nations, and of aggressive policies; (d) drastic reduction of armament.

When a protesting delegation from the new party called upon Mr. Matsumura he gave still another reason. He said that the action of the Communists in withdrawing voluntarily indicated that they intended to continue to exercise an influence over the new party.

The Farmer-Labor Party has already announced that it will test the Government's action in the courts, but success is unlikely. The Japan Federation of Labor expected when it withdrew, and presumably still expects, to form a substitute new party which it rather than the Peasants Union, which it regards as tinged with communism, will dominate. Its officials have publicly protested against the order of suppression, but it neither surprised nor disturbed them. They steered their course with such a contingency in mind, and the Government's action has, for the time at least, strengthened their position.

A few individuals have supported the policy of the Government, including leaders of the Seiyukai and the Seiyuhonto, the opposition parties which primarily represent the interests of the landed proprietors. These gentlemen agree that there were in the platform "improper items" which could not be tolerated. The leaders of the Kenseikai, the government party, have refrained from comment. Viscount Goto, who stands outside party lines, said: "I am of the opinion that communism is only a vogue at present, and that we need not take it seriously. . . . Since the Government has put an end to the party its officials will have much difficulty in controlling the illegal activities of the radical members." The Tokio *Asahi* went further than most of its colleagues. "We deplore the fact," it said, "that the freedom of the people to form a party which is granted by the constitution is so easily oppressed by a party government. . . . It is a question whether the Government can crush a rising political party, whatever its principles or platform." The *Yomiuri* called the government apprehensions "silly."

Within a few months, then, a mild and legal Farmer-Labor Party will be formed and tolerated—unless picayune jealousies within the ranks make it necessary to form two parties. The electorate will be four or five times as large at the next election as at the last; manhood suffrage for all over 25 now prevails. Under the old suffrage system, about 2 per cent of the municipal and village counselors were farmers or laborers; if the vote were proportionate, they would have eight or nine representatives among the 460 members of the national Diet. The organizers naturally hope that with universal male suffrage they will do better. They count on the factory workers of Tokio and Osaka, the miners of Wakamatsu, the steel workers of Edamitsu, and the tenant farmers of Niigata as surely theirs.

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